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*Wray coup.*

*MUNDEN as SIR FRANCIS GRIPE.  
Well, Sir George, ha' ha' ha! take the last brand  
of your Quinquina, ha' ha' ha! drinks 'em*

London Printed for J. Bohn, British Library, Strand, June 1841.



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*Wray sculp.*

*MUNDEN as SIR FRANCIS GRIPE.*

*Well, Sir George, ha' ha' ha' take the last brand  
of your Quinquina, ha' ha' ha' drinks 'em*

London Printed for J. Bohn, British Library, Strand, June 1841.



# THE BUSY BODY.

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A  
COMEDY.

BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

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ADAPTED FOR  
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,  
AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRES-ROYAL,  
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

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REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

*By Permission of the Managers.*

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"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation."  
And those printed in Italics are the additions of the Theatres.

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## SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE.

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FROM a situation in her infancy, so obscure that no traces are left to speak of any instruction she ever received, with penury driving her from one place to another a pensioner upon chance, SUSANNAH by the help of much sprightliness and beauty forced herself into three nuptials for her charms, and an admiration of her talents, to which the Stage seems in no haste to affix a boundary.

She married as early as sixteen—We hope that was her first connection; though her Biographers pick up a Cambridge Student by the *way side*, and send her in the male habit to College with him, where they tell us she resided a considerable time.—If she married at sixteen, one should conceive her composed of the inflammable materials of the Spanish females.

A single year compelled her to look abroad for a second husband; and she soon captivated a gentleman whose name was CARROL: him she is said to have tenderly loved. He, however, lost his life in a duel, about a year and a half after their mar-

riage. She was driven again upon expedients, and tried the Stage. She wrote a Tragedy, called the *Perjur'd Husband*; she even attempted the profession of an Actress—We learn, however, that she was unsuccessful. At length, plenty sought after her in the shape of Mr. JOSEPH CENTLIVRE — He was Her Majesty's Cook; and with him she lived happily until the time of her death, on the 1st of December 1723.

\* *Her Plays are in number nineteen, as follows :*

|                            |      |                                     |      |
|----------------------------|------|-------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Perjur'd Husband</i>    | 1700 | <i>Bickerstaff's Burying, N. D.</i> |      |
| <i>Love's Contrivances</i> | 1703 | <i>Marplot</i>                      | 1711 |
| <i>Beau's Duel</i> —       | 1703 | <i>Perplex'd Lovers</i>             | 1712 |
| <i>Stolen Heiress</i> -    | 1703 | <i>Wonder</i> -                     | 1713 |
| <i>Gamester</i> —          | 1705 | <i>Gotbam Election</i>              | 1715 |
| <i>Basset Table</i> —      | 1706 | <i>Wife Well Managed</i>            | 1715 |
| <i>Love at a Venture</i>   | 1706 | <i>Cruel Gift</i> —                 | 1717 |
| <i>Platonic Lady</i> —     | 1707 | <i>Bold Stroke for a Wife</i>       | 1718 |
| <i>Busy Body</i> —         | 1709 | <i>Artifice</i> —                   | 1721 |
| <i>Man's Bewitch'd</i>     | 1710 |                                     |      |

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## THE BUSY BODY.

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Mrs CENTLIVRE, after the taste of Mrs APHRA BEHN, was a Writer of that Comedy, which may be termed the *Intriguing* Drama—built upon chance-medley and situation, mistakes, closets, veils, balconies, old guardians, and young profligates, with a set of ladies who seem bound by no other laws than their inclinations.

I know, positively, no one of her plays, which, morally speaking, may not do mischief; but they have bustle, they have business, and carrying the commercial passions with them into their amusements, the English love that their drama should be crowded with *character*, and that its personages should be all people in *plentiful business*.

What may, when her outset in life is considered, be deemed surprising, is, that her Comedies all evidence very forcibly for her acquirements in learning—her assiduity must have augmented with her years,

“Vires acquirit eundo.”

For the modern languages were obviously her own; and of Latin she seems to have had more than to fe-



males is usually given, even where the education has been regular.

She was assuredly an illustrious female Author—  
But the literary LADIES of our *own times* dim all preceding claims to the rank of Dramatic writers—  
Mrs. COWLEY, Miss LEE, and the Novel dramatist  
BURNEY.

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## PROLOGUE.

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*THO' modern prophets were expos'd of late  
The Author could not prophecy her fate :  
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd  
The poet must have really been inspir'd.  
But these alas! are melancholy days  
For modern prophets and for modern plays :  
Yet since prophetick lies please fools o' fashion,  
And women are so fond of agitation,  
To men of sense I'll prophecy anew,  
And tell you wondrous things that will prove true.  
" Undaunted Col'nels will to camps repair,  
" Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year ;"  
On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,  
All wars except 'twixt man and wife will cease ;  
The Grand Monarque may wish his son a throne,  
But hardly will advance to lose his own.  
This season most things bear a smiling face,  
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case  
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.  
Court ladies will to country seats be gone,  
My lord can't all the year live great in town ;  
Where, wanting operas, basset, and a play,  
They'll sigh and stitch a gown to pass the time away :*

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*Gay city wives at Tunbridge will appear,  
Whose husbands long have labour'd for an heir,  
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,  
But by the waters only they conceive :  
The Fleet-street sempstress—toast of Temple sparks,  
That runs spruce neckcloths for attornies' clerks,  
At Cupid's gardens will her hours regale,  
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale :  
At all assemblies rakes her up and down,  
And gamesters where they think they are not known.*

*Should I denounce our author's fate to-day,  
To cry down prophecies you'd damn the play :  
Yet whims like these have sometimes made you laugh ;  
'Tis tattling all, like Isaac Bickerstaff.*

*Since war and places claim the bards that write,  
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat to-night ;  
Let your indulgence all her fears allay,  
And none but women-baters damn this play.*

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Dramatis Personæ.

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DRURY-LANE.

*Men.*

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| Sir GEORGE AIRY, a gentleman of four thousand a year, in love with Miranda                              | Mr. Palmer.    |
| Sir FRANCIS GRIPE, guardian to Miranda and Marplot, father to Charles, in love with Miranda - - - - -   | Mr. Parsons.   |
| CHARLES, friend to Sir George, in love with Isabinda - - - - -  | Mr. Barrymore. |
| Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK, a merchant that had lived some time in Spain, father to Isabinda - - - - -        | Mr. Baddeley.  |
| MARPLOT, a sort of silly fellow, cowardly, but very inquisitive to know every body's business - - - - - | Mr. King.      |
| WHISPER, servant to Charles - - - - -   | Mr. Burton.    |

*Women.*

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| MIRANDA, an heiress, worth thirty thousand pounds, really in love with Sir George, but pretends to be so with her guardian, Sir Francis - - - - - | Miss Farren.   |
| ISABINDA, daughter to Sir Jealous, in love with Charles, but designed for a Spanish merchant by her father - - - - -                              | Miss Wheeler.  |
| PATCH, her woman - - - - -  | Miss Pope.     |
| SCENTWELL, woman to Miranda - - - - -   | Miss Tidswell. |

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Dramatis Personae.

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COVENT-GARDEN.

*Men.*

|   |               |
|---|---------------|
| Sir GEORGE AIRY, a gentleman of four thousand a year, in love with Miranda                              | Mr. Holman.   |
| Sir FRANCIS GRIPE, guardian to Miranda and Marplot, father to Charles, in love with Miranda - - - - -   | Mr. Munden.   |
| CHARLES, friend to Sir George, in love with Isabinda - - - - -  | Mr. Macready. |
| Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK, a merchant that had lived some time in Spain, father to Isabinda - - - - -        | Mr. Thompson. |
| MARPLOT, a sort of silly fellow, cowardly, but very inquisitive to know every body's business - - - - - | Mr. Lewis.    |
| WHISPER, servant to Charles - - - - -   | Mr. Bernard.  |

*Women.*

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| MIRANDA, an heiress, worth thirty thousand pounds, really in love with Sir George, but pretends to be so with her guardian, Sir Francis - - - - - | Miss Pope.     |
| ISABINDA, daughter to Sir Jealous, in love with Charles, but designed for a Spanish merchant by her father - - - - -                              | Mrs. Mountain. |
| PATCH, her woman - - - - -  | Mrs. Harlowe.  |
| SCENTWELL, woman to Miranda - - - - -   | Mrs. Platt.    |

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## THE BUSY BODY.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Park. Sir GEORGE AIRY meeting CHARLES.*

*Charles.*

**H**A! Sir George Airy abirding thus early! what forbidden game rous'd you so soon? for no lawful occasion could invite a person of your figure abroad, at such unfashionable hours.

*Sir Geo.* There are some men, Charles, whom fortune has left free from inquietudes, who are diligently studious to find out ways and means to make themselves uneasy.

*Cha.* Is it possible that any thing in nature can ruffle the temper of a man whom the four seasons of the year compliment with as many thousand pounds, nay, and a father at rest with his ancestors?

*Sir Geo.* Why, there it is now! a man that wants money thinks none can be unhappy that has it; but my affairs are in such a whimsical posture that it will

require a calculation of my nativity to find if my gold will relieve me or not.

*Cha.* Ha, ha, ha! never consult the stars about that; gold has a power beyond them, "gold unlocks the midnight councils, gold outdoes the wind, becalms the ship, or fills her sails! gold is omnipotent below; it makes whole armies fight or fly; it buys even souls, and bribes wretches to betray their country:" then what can thy business be that gold won't serve thee in.

*Sir Geo.* Why I'm in love.

*Cha.* In love!—Ha, ha, ha, ha! in love!—Ha, ha, ha, ha! with what pr'ythee? a cherubine?

*Sir Geo.* No, with a woman.

*Cha.* A woman! good. Ha, ha, ha, ha! and gold not help thee?

*Sir Geo.* But suppose I'm in love with two—

*Cha.* Ay, if thou'rt in love with two hundred, gold will fetch 'em I warrant thee, boy. But who are they? who are they? come.

*Sir Geo.* One is a lady whose face I never saw, but witty to a miracle; the other beautiful as Venus—

*Cha.* And a fool—

*Sir Geo.* For aught I know, for I never spoke to her; but you can inform me. I am charm'd by the wit of the one, and die for the beauty of the other.

*Cha.* And pray which are you in quest of now?

*Sir Geo.* I prefer the sensual pleasure; I'm for her I have seen, who is thy father's ward, Miranda.

*Cha.* Nay, then I pity you; for the Jew my father

will no more part with her and thirty thousand pounds than he would with a guinea to keep me from starving.

*Sir Geo.* Now you see gold can't do every thing, Charles.

*Cha.* Yes, for 'tis her gold that bars my father's gate against you.

*Sir Geo.* Why, if he be this avaricious wretch how can'st thou by such a liberal education?

*Cha.* Not a souse out of his pocket, I assure you: I had an uncle who defray'd that charge; but for some little wildnesses of youth, though he made me his heir, left dad my guardian till I came to years of discretion, which I presume the old gentleman will never think I am! and now he has got the estate into his clutches, it does me no more good than if it lay in Prester John's dominions.

*Sir Geo.* What, canst thou find no stratagem to redeem it?

*Cha.* I have made many essays to no purpose; though want, the mistress of invention, still tempts me on, yet still the old fox is too cunning for me.—I am upon my last project, which if it fails, then for my last refuge, a brown musquet.

*Sir Geo.* What is't? can I assist thee?

*Cha.* Not yet; when you can I have confidence enough in you to ask it.

*Sir Geo.* I am always ready. But what does he intend to do with Miranda! is she to be sold in private, or will he put her up by way of auction, at who bids

most? if so, egad I'm for him; my gold, as you say, shall be subservient to my pleasure.

*Cha.* To deal ingenuously with you, sir George, I know very little of her or home; for since my uncle's death and my return from travel I have never been well with my father; he thinks my expences too great, and I his allowance too little; he never sees me but he quarrels, and to avoid that I shun his house as much as possible. The report is he intends to marry her himself.

*Sir Geo.* Can she consent to it?

*Cha.* Yes faith, so they say: but I tell you I am wholly ignorant of the matter. "Miranda and I are like two violent members of a contrary party; I can scarce allow her beauty, though all the world does, nor she me civility for that contempt." I fancy she plays the mother-in-law already, and sets the old gentleman on to do mischief.

*Sir Geo.* Then I have your free consent to get her?

*Cha.* Ay, and my helping hand if occasion be.

*Sir Geo.* Poh! yonder's a fool coming this way, let's avoid him.

*Cha.* What, Marplot? No, no, he's my instrument; there's a thousand conveniencies in him; he'll lend me his money when he has any, run of my errands, and be proud on it; in short, he'll pimp for me, lie for me, drink for me, do any thing but fight for me, and that I trust to my own arm for.

*Sir Geo.* Nay, then he's to be endured; I never knew his qualifications before.

*Enter MARPLOT with a patch cross his face.*

*Mar.* Dear Charles your's—Ha! Sir George Airy! the man in the world I have an ambition to be known to. [*Aside.*] Give me thy hand, dear boy.

*Cha.* A good assurance! But hark ye, how came your beautiful countenance clouded in the wrong place?

*Mar.* I must confess 'tis a little *mal-a-propos*; but no matter for that. A word with you Charles. Pr'ythee introduce me to sir George—he is a man of wit, and I'd give ten guineas to——

*Cha.* When you have 'em, you mean.

*Mar.* Ay, when I have 'em; pugh, pox, you cut the thread of my discourse——I would give ten guineas I say to be rank'd in his acquaintance. “Well, ‘tis a vast addition to a man's fortune, according to the rout of the world, to be seen in the company of leading men, for then we are all thought to be politicians, or whigs, or jacks, or highflyers, or lowflyers, or levellers—and so forth; for you must know we all herd in parties now.

“*Cha.* Then a fool for diversion is out of fashion I find.

*Mar.* “Yes, without it be a mimieking fool, and they are darlings every where.” But pr'ythee introduce me.

*Cha.* Well, on condition you'll give us a true account how you came by that mourning nose, I will.

*Mar.* I'll do it.



*Cha.* Sir George, here's a gentleman has a passionate desire to kiss your hand.

*Sir Geo.* Oh, I honour men of the sword! and I presume this gentleman is lately come from Spain or Portugal—by his scars.

*Mar.* No, really, Sir George, mine sprung from civil fury. Happening last night into the groom porter's—I had a strong inclination to go ten guineas with a sort of a, sort of a—kind of a milksop, as I thought. A pox of the dice! he flung out, and my pockets being empty, as Charles knows they often are, he proved a surly North Briton, and broke my face for my deficiency.

*Sir Geo.* Ha, ha! and did not you draw?

*Mar.* Draw, sir! why I did but lay my hand upon my sword to make a swift retreat, and he roar'd out, Now the deel ha ma sal, sir, gin ye touch yer steel Ise whip mine through yer wem.

*Sir Geo.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Cha.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! Safe was the word. So you walk'd off, I suppose.

*Mar.* Yes, for I avoid fighting, purely to be serviceable to my friends, you know—

*Sir Geo.* Your friends are much obliged to you, sir: I hope you'll rank me in that number.

*Mar.* Sir George, a bow from the side box, or to be seen in your chariot, binds me ever your's.

*Sir Geo.* Trifles; you may command 'em when you please.

*Cha.* Provided he may command you.

*Mar.* Me ! why I live for no other purpose—Sir George, I have the honour to be caress'd by most of the reigning toasts of the town : I'll tell 'em you are the finest gentleman—

*Sir Geo.* No, no, pr'ythee let me alone to tell the ladies—my parts—Can you convey a letter upon occasion, or deliver a message with an air of business, ha ?

*Mar.* With the assurance of a page and the gravity of a statesman.

*Sir Geo.* You know Miranda.

*Mar.* What ! my sister ward ? why, her guardian is mine ; we are fellow sufferers. Ah, he is a covetous, cheating, sanctified, curmudgeon : that sir Francis Gripe is a damn'd old—hypocritical—

*Cha.* Hold, hold ; I suppose, friend, you forgot that he is my father.

*Mar.* Egad and so I did Charles—I ask your pardon, Charles, but it is for your sake I hate him. Well, I say the world is mistaken in him ; his outside piety makes him every man's executor, and his inside cunning makes him every heir's gaoler. Egad, Charles, I'm half persuaded that thou'rt some ward too, and never of his getting—for *never were two things so unlike as you and your father ; he scrapes up every thing, and thou spend'st every thing ; every body is indebted to him, and thou art indebted to every body.*

*Cha.* You are very free, Mr. Marplot.

*Mar.* Ay, I give and take, Charles—you may be as free with me you know.

*Sir Geo.* A pleasant fellow.

*Cha.* The dog is diverting sometimes, or there would be no enduring his impertinence. He is pressing to be employed, and willing to execute; but some ill fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftener spoils an intrigue than helps it.

*Mar.* *I have always your good word, but if I miscarry 'tis none of my fault; I follow my instructions.*

*Cha.* Yes, witness the merchant's wife.

*Mar.* Pish, pox! that was an accident.

*Sir Geo.* What was it, pr'ythee?

*Mar.* *Nay, Charles, now don't expose your friend.*

*Cha.* Why, you must know I had lent a certain merchant my hunting horses, and was to have met his wife in his absence. Sending him along with my groom to make the compliment, and to deliver a letter to the lady at the same time, what does he do but gives the husband the letter and offers her the horses!

*Mar.* *Why, to be sure, I did offer her the horses, and I remember you was even with me, for you deny'd the letter to be your's, and swore I had a design upon her, which my bones paid for.*

*Cha.* Come, sir George, let's walk round if you are not engag'd, for I have sent my man upon a little earnest business, and I have ordered him to bring me the answer into the Park.

*Mar.* Business! and I not know it! Egad I'll watch him.

*Sir Geo.* I must beg your pardon, Charles, I am to meet your father.

*Cha.* My father!

*Sir Geo.* Ay, and about the oddest bargain, perhaps, you ever heard of; but I'll not impart till I know the success.

*Mar.* What can his business be with Sir Francis! Now would I give all the world to know it. Why the devil should not one know every man's concerns!

[*Aside.*

*Cha.* Prosperity to't whatever it be: I have private affairs too: over a bottle we'll compare notes.

*Mar.* Charles knows I love a glass as well as any man; I'll make one; shall it be to-night? Adad I long to know their secrets.

[*Aside.*

*Enter WHISPER.*

*Whisp.* Sir, sir, Mrs. Patch says Isabinda's Spanish father has quite spoil'd the plot, and she cann't meet you in the Park, but he infallibly will go out this afternoon she says: but I must step again to know the hour.

*Mar.* What did Whisper say now; I shall go stark mad if I'm not let into the secret.

[*Aside.*

*Cha.* Curst misfortune!

*Mar.* *Curst!* what's curst, Charles?

*Cha.* Come along with me, my heart feels pleasure at her name. Sir George, your's; we'll meet at the old place the usual hour.

*Sir Geo.* Agreed. I think I see sir Francis yonder.

[*Exit.*

*Cha.* Marplot, you must excuse me ; I am engag'd.

[*Exit.*]

*Mar.* Engag'd ! Egad I'll engage my life I'll know what your engagement is.

[*Exit.*]

*Miran. coming out of a chair.*] Let the chair wait. My servant that dogg'd sir George said he was in the Park.

*Enter PATCH.*

Ha ! miss Patch alone ! did not you tell me you had contrived a way to bring Isabinda to the Park ?

*Patch.* Oh, madam, your ladyship can't imagine what a wretched disappointment we have met with ! Just as I had fetch'd a suit of my clothes for a disguise, comes my old master into the closet, which is right against her chamber door : this struck us into a terrible fright—at length I put on a grave face, and ask'd him if he was at leisure for his chocolate ? in hopes to draw him out of his hole ; but he snapp'd my nose off : “ No, I shall be busy here these two hours.” At which my poor mistress seeing no way of escape ordered me to wait on your ladyship with the sad relation.

*Miran.* Unhappy Isabinda ! was ever any thing so unaccountable as the humour of sir Jealous Traffick ?

*Patch.* Oh, madam, it's his living so long in Spain ; he vows he'll spend half his estate but he'll be a parliament-man, on purpose to bring in a bill for women to wear veils, and other odious Spanish customs—He swears it is the height of impudence to have a woman



seen barefac'd even at church, and scarce believes there's a true begotten child in the city.

*Miran.* Ha, ha, ha! how the old fool torments himself! Suppose he could introduce his rigid rules—does he think we could not match them in contrivance? No, no; let the tyrant man make what laws he will, if there's a woman under the government, I warrant she finds a way to break 'em. Is his mind set upon the Spaniard for his son-in-law still?

*Patch.* Ay, and he expects him by the next fleet, which drives his daughter to melancholy and despair. But, madam, I find you retain the same gay cheerful spirit you had when I waited on your ladyship.—My lady is mighty good-humour'd too, and I have found a way to make sir Jealous believe I am wholly in his interest, when my real design is to serve her; he makes me her gaoler, and I set her at liberty.

*Miran.* I knew thy prolifick brain would be of singular service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her father.

*Patch.* But, madam, the report is that you are going to marry your guardian.

*Miran.* It is necessary such a report should be, Patch.

*Patch.* But is it true, madam?

*Miran.* That's not absolutely necessary.

*Patch.* I thought it was only the old strain, coaxing him still for your own, and railling at all the young fellows about town: in my mind, now, you are as ill plagu'd with your guardian, madam, as my lady is with her father.

*Miran.* No, I have liberty, wench; that she wants: what would she give now to be in this dishabille in the open air, nay more, in pursuit of the young fellow she likes? for that's my case I assure you.

*Patch.* As for that, madam, she's even with you; for tho' she can't come abroad we have a way to bring him home in spite of old Argus.

*Miran.* Now, Patch, your opinion of my choice, for here he comes.—Ha! my guardian with him! what can be the meaning of this? I'm sure Sir Francis can't know me in this dress.—Let's observe 'em.

[*They withdraw.*]

*Enter Sir FRANCIS GRIPE and Sir GEORGE AIRY.*

*Sir Fran.* Verily, sir George, thou wilt repent throwing away thy money so, for I tell thee sincerely, Miranda, my charge, does not like a young fellow; they are all vicious, and seldom make good husbands: in sober sadness she cannot abide 'em.

*Miran. peeping.]* In sober sadness you are mistaken.—What can this mean!

*Sir Geo.* Look ye, sir Francis, whether she can or cannot abide young fellows is not the business? will you take the fifty guineas?

*Sir Fran.* In good truth I will not—for I knew thy father, he was a hearty wary man, and I cannot consent that his son should squander away what he sav'd to no purpose.

*Miran. peeping.]* Now, in the name of wonder what bargain can he be driving about me for fifty guineas;

*Patch.* I wish it be'nt for the first night's lodging, madam.

*Sir Geo.* Well, sir Francis, since you are so conscientious for my father's sake, then permit me the favour gratis.

*Miran. peeping.]* The favour! O' my life I believe 'tis as you said, Patch.

*Sir Fran.* No verily; if thou dost not buy thy experience thou wilt never be wise; therefore give me a hundred, and try thy fortune.

*Sir Geo.* The scruples arose, I find, from the scanty sum.—Let me see—a hundred guineas—[*Takes 'em out of a purse and chinks 'em.*] Ha! they have a very pretty sound, and a very pleasing look—But then, Miranda—but if she should be cruel—

*Miran. peeping.]* As ten to one I shall—

*Sir Fran.* Ay, do, consider on't. He, he, he!

*Sir Geo.* No, I'll do't.

*Patch.* Do't! what, whether you will or no, madam?

*Sir Geo.* Come; to the point; here's the gold; sum up the conditions.——

[*Sir Fran. pulling out a paper.*]

*Miran. peeping.]* Ay, for Heaven's sake do, for my expectation is on the rack.

*Sir Fran.* Well, at your peril be it.

*Sir Geo.* Ay, ay, go on.

*Sir Fran. Imprimis,* you are to be admitted into my house in order to move your suit to Miranda, for the

space of ten minutes, without let or molestation, provided I remain in the same room.

*Sir Geo.* But out of earshot.

*Sir Fran.* Well, well, I don't desire to hear what you say; ha, ha, ha! in consideration I am to have that purse and a hundred guineas.

*Sir Geo.* Take it—— [*Gives him the purse.*]

*Miran. peeping.]* So, 'tis well it's no worse; I'll fit you both——

*Sir Geo.* And this agreement is to be performed to-day.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay; the sooner the better. Poor fool! how Miranda and I shall laugh at him!—Well, sir George, ha, ha, ha! take the last sound of your guineas, ha, ha, ha! [*Chinks 'em.*] [*Exit.*]

*Miran, peeping.]* Sure he does not know I am Miranda.

*Sir Geo.* A very extraordinary bargain I have made truly; if she should be really in love with this old cuff now—Psha! that's morally impossible.—But then, what hopes have I to succeed? I never spoke to her——

*Miran. peeping.]* Say you so? then I am safe.

*Sir Geo.* What tho' my tongue never spoke? my eyes said a thousand things, and my hopes flatter'd me her's answer'd 'em. If I'm lucky—if not, it is but a hundred guineas thrown away.

[*Miranda and Patch come forward.*]

*Miran.* Upon what, Sir George?

*Sir Geo.* Ha! my incognita—upon a woman, madam.

*Miran.* They are the worst things you can deal in, and damage the soonest; your very breath destroys 'em, and I fear you'll never see your return, Sir George, ha, ha!

*Sir Geo.* Were they more brittle than china, and dropped to pieces with a touch, every atom of her I have ventur'd at, if she is but mistress of thy wit, balances ten times the sum.—Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.

*Miran.* By no means; that may spoil your opinion of my sense—

*Sir Geo.* Rather confirm it, madam.

*Patch.* So rob the lady of your gallantry, sir.

*Sir Geo.* No child, a dish of chocolate in the morning never spoils my dinner: the other lady I design a set meal? so there's no danger.—

*Miran.* Matrimony! ha, ha, ha! what crimes have you committed against the god of Love, that he should revenge 'em so severely, to stamp husband on your forehead?

*Sir Geo.* For my folly, in having so often met you here without pursuing the laws of Nature and exercising her command—But I resolve ere we part now to know who you are, where you live, what kind of flesh and blood your face is; therefore unmask, and don't put me to the trouble of doing it for you.

*Miran.* My face is the same flesh and blood with

my hand, sir George, which if you'll be so rude to provoke—

*Sir Geo.* You'll apply it to my cheek—the ladies' favours are always welcome, but I must have that cloud withdrawn. [*Taking hold of her.*] Remember you are in the Park, child; and what a terrible thing would it be to lose this pretty white hand?

*Miran.* And how will it sound in a chocolate house that Sir George Airy rudely pulled of a lady's mask, when he had given her his honour that he never would, directly or indirectly, endeavour to know her till she gave him leave?

*Patch.* I wish we were safe out."

*Sir Geo.* But if that lady thinks fit to pursue and meet me at every turn, like some troubled spirit, shall I be blam'd if I enquire into the reality? I would have nothing dissatisfied in a female shape.

*Miran.* What shall I do? [*Pauses.*]

*Sir Geo.* Ay, pr'ythee consider, for thou shalt find me very much at thy service.

*Patch.* Suppose, sir, the lady should be in love with you?

*Sir Geo.* Oh! I'll return the obligation in a moment.

*Patch.* And marry her?

*Sir Geo.* Ha, ha, ha! that's not the way to love her, child.

*Miran.* If he discovers me I shall die—Which way shall I escape?—let me see. [*Pauses.*]



*Sir Geo.* Well, madam——

*Miran.* I have it——Sir George, 'tis fit you should allow something; if you'll excuse my face, and turn your back, (if you look upon me I shall sink, even mask'd as I am) I will confess why I have engag'd you so often, who I am, and where I live.

*Sir Geo.* Well, to shew you I'm a man of honour, I accept the conditions: let me but once know those, and the face won't be long a secret to me.

*Patch.* What mean you, madam!

*Miran.* To get off.

*Sir Geo.* 'Tis something indecent to turn one's back upon a lady; but you command and I obey. [*Turns his back.*] Come, madam, begin—

*Miran.* First, then, it was my unhappy lot to see you at Paris [*Draws back a little way, and speaks.*] at a ball upon a birth-day; your shape and air charin'd my eyes, your wit and complaisance my soul, and from that fatal night I lov'd you. [*Drawing back.*

*And when you left the place grief seiz'd me so,*

*Nor rest my heart nor sleep my eyes could know,*

*Last I resolv'd a hazardous point to try,*

*And quit the place in search of liberty.*

[Exit.]

*Sir Geo.* Excellent—I hope she's handsome—Well, now madam, to the two other things, your name, and where you live—I am a gentleman, and this confession will not be lost upon me—Nay, pr'ythee do'nt weep, but go on, for I find my heart melts in thy behalf—Speak quickly, or I shall turn about—Not

yet—Poor lady! she expects I should comfort her, and to do her justice she has said enough to encourage me. [*Turns about.*] Ha! gone! the devil! jilted! Why, what a tale has she invented—of Paris, balls, and birth-days!—Egad I'd give ten guineas to know who the gipsey is—A curse of my foily—I deserve to lose her. What woman can forgive a man that turns his back!

*The bold and resolute in love and war  
To conquer take the right and swiftest way;  
The boldest lover soonest gains the fair,  
As courage makes the rudest force obey:  
Take no denial and the dames adore ye;  
Closely pursue them and they fall before ye.*

### ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Sir FRANCIS GRIPE and MIRANDA.*

*Sir Francis.*

HA, ha, ha, ha!

*Miran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, I shall die with laughing—the most romantic adventure—Ha, ha, ha! What does the odious young fop mean? A hundred pieces to talk ten minutes with me! ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Fran.* And I am to be by too, there's the jest: adad if it had been in private I should not have car'd to trust the young dog.

*Miran.* Indeed and indeed but you might, Gardy—  
Now methinks there's nobody handsomer than you :  
so neat, so clean, so good-humour'd, and so loving—

*Sir Fran.* Pretty rogue, pretty rogue ! and so thou  
shalt find me, if thou dost prefer thy Gardy before  
these caperers of the age : thou shalt outshine the  
queen's box on an opera night ; thou shalt be the  
envy of the ring, (for I will carry thee to Hyde-Park)  
and thy equipage shall surpass the——what d'ye call  
'em ambassador's.

*Miran.* Nay, I am sure the discreet part of my sex  
will envy me more for the inside furniture, when you  
are in it, than my outside equipage.

*Sir Fran.* A cunning baggage i'faith thou art, and  
a wise one too ! and to shew thee that thou hast not  
chose amiss, I'll this moment disinherit my son and  
settle my whole estate upon thee.

*Miran.* There's an old rogue now. [*Aside.*] No,  
Gardy, I would not have your name to be so black in  
the world—You know my father's will runs that I am  
not to possess my estate, without your consent till I  
am five-and-twenty ; you shall only abate the odd  
seven years, and make me mistress of my estate to-  
day, and I'll make you master of my person to-morrow.

*Sir Fran.* Humph ! that may not be safe—No,  
Chargy, I'll settle it upon thee for pinmoney, and that  
will be every bit as well thou know'st.

*Miran.* Unconscionable old wretch ! bribe me with  
my own money !—Which way shall I get out of his  
hands.

[*Aside.*]

*Sir Fran.* Well, what art thou thinking on my ha? how to banter sir George!

*Miran.* I must not pretend to banter; he knows my tongue too well. [*Aside.*] No, Gardy, I have thought of a way will confound him more than all I could say, if I should talk to him seven years.

*Sir Fran.* How's that? oh! I'm transported, I'm ravish'd, I'm mad——

*Miran.* It would make you mad if you knew all. [*Aside.*] I'll not answer him a word, but be dumb to all he says.

*Sir Fran.* Dumb! good; ha, ha, ha! Excellent! ha, ha, ha, ha! I think I have you now, sir George. Dumb! he'll go distracted—well, she's the wittiest rogue.—Ha, ha, dumb! I can't but laugh, ha, ha! to think how damn'd mad he'll be when he finds he has given his money away for a dumb show; ha, ha, ha!

*Miran.* Nay, Gardy, if he did but know my thoughts of him it would make him ten times madder; ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Fran.* Ay, so it would, Chargy, to hold him in such derision, to scorn to answer him, to be dumb! ha, ha, ha!

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Sir Fran.* How now, sirrah! who let you in?

*Cha.* My necessities, sir.

*Sir Fran.* Your necessities are very impertinent, and ought to have sent before they enter'd.

*Cha.* Sir, I knew 'twas a word would gain admittance no where.

*Sir Fran.* Then, sirrah, how durst you rudely thrust that upon your father, which nobody else would admit?

*Cha.* Sure the name of a son is a sufficient plea. I ask this lady's pardon if I have intruded.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, ask her pardon and her blessing too, if you expect any thing from me.

*Miran.* I believe yours, sir Francis, in a purse of guineas, would be more material. Your son may have business with you; I'll retire.

*Sir Fran.* I guess his business, but I'll dispatch him; I expect the knight every minute: you'll be in readiness?

*Miran.* Certainly; my expectation is more upon the wing than yours, old gentleman. [Exit.]

*Sir Fran.* Well, sir.

*Cha.* Nay, it is very ill, sir; my circumstances are I'm sure.

*Sir Fran.* And what's that to me, sir? your management should have made them better.

*Cha.* If you please to entrust me with the management of my estate I shall endeavour it, sir.

*Sir Fran.* What, to set upon a card, and buy a lady's favour at the price of a thousand pieces, to rig out an equipage for a wench, or by your carelessness to enrich your steward, to fine for sheriff, or put up for a parliament-man?

*Cha.* I hope I should not spend it this way: how-

ever I ask only for what my uncle left me ; yours you may dispose of as you please, sir.

*Sir Fran.* That I shall out of your reach, I assure you, sir. Adad these young fellows think old men get estates for nothing but them to squander away in dicing, wenching, drinking, dressing, and so forth,

*Cha.* I think I was born a gentleman, sir, I'm sure my uncle bred me like one.

*Sir Fran.* From which you would infer, sir, that gaming, whoring, and the pox, are requisites for a gentleman.

*Cha.* Monstrous ! when I would ask him only for a support he falls into these unmannerly reproaches. I must, tho' against my will, employ invention, and by stratagem relieve myself. *[Aside.]*

*Sir Fran.* Sirrah, what is it you mutter, sirrah ? ha ! *[Holds up his cane.]* I say you sha'nt have a groat out of my hands till I please—and may be I'll never please ; and what's that to you ?

*Cha.* Nay, to be robb'd or have one's throat cut is not much——

*Sir Fran.* What's that, sirrah ? would you rob me or cut my throat, ye rogue ?

*Cha.* Heaven forbid, sir !—I said no such thing.

*Sir Fran.* Mercy on me ! what a plague it is to have a son of one-and-twenty, who wants to elbow one out of one's life to edge himself into the estate !

*Enter MARPLOT.*

*Mar.* Egad he's here—I was afraid I had lost him :



his secret could not be with his father: his wants are publick there.—Guardian, your servant—*O Charles, are you there?* I know by that sorrowful countenance of thine the old man's fist is as close as his strong box—But I'll help thee.

*Sir Fran.* So! here's another extravagant coxcomb that will spend his fortune before he comes to't, but he shall pay swinging interest, and so let the fool go on.—Well, what, does necessity bring you too, sir?

*Mar.* You have hit it, Guardian—I want a hundred pounds.

*Sir Fran.* For what?

*Mar.* Pogh! for a hundred things; I can't for my life tell you for what.

*Cha.* Sir, I suppose I have received all the answer I am like to have.

*Mar.* Oh the devil if he gets out before me I shall lose him again.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, sir, and you may be marching as soon as you please—I must see a change in your temper, ere you find one in mine.

*Mar.* Pray, sir, dispatch me; the money, sir! I'm in mighty haste.

*Sir Fran.* Fool, take this and go to the cashier. I sha'n't be long plagu'd with thee. [*Gives him a note.*]

*Mar.* Devil take the cashier! I shall certainly have Charles gone before I come back. [*Runs out.*]

*Cha.* Well, sir, I take my leave—But remember you expose an only son to all the miseries of wretched

poverty, which too often lays the plan for scenes of mischief.

*Sir Fran.* Stay, Charles ! I have a sudden thought come into my head may prove to thy advantage.

*Cha.* Ha ! does he relent ?

*Sir Fran.* My lady Wrinkle, worth forty thousand pounds, sets up for a handsome young husband ; she prais'd thee t'other day ; tho' the matchmakers can get twenty guineas for a sight of her, I can introduce thee for nothing.

*Cha.* My lady Wrinkle, sir ! why see has but one eye.

*Sir Fran.* Then she'll see but half your extravagance, sir.

*Cha.* Condemn me to such a piece of deformity ! a toothless, dirty, wry-neck'd, hunch-back'd, hag !

*Sir Fran.* Hunch-back'd ! so much the better ! then she has a rest for her misfortunes, for thou wilt load her swingingly. Now, I warrant you think this is no offer of a father ; forty thousand pounds is nothing with you.

*Cha.* Yes, sir, I think it is too much ; a young beautiful woman with half the money would be more agreeable.—I thank you, sir ; but you chuse better for yourself I find.

*Sir Fran.* Out of my doors you dog ! you pretend to meddle with my marriage, sirrah !

*Cha.* Sir, I obey ; but—

*Sir Fran.* But me no buts—begone, sir ! dare to ask

me for money again——refuse forty thousand pounds!  
Out of my doors, I say, without reply. [Exit Cha.

*Enter MARPLOT running.*

*Mar.* Ha ! gone ! is Charles gone, Gardy ?

*Sir Fran.* Yes, and I desire your wise worship to walk after him.

*Mar.* Nay, egad I shall run, I tell you that. A pox of the cashier for detaining me so long ! Where the devil shall I find him now ? I shall certainly lose this secret, and I had rather by half lose my money——Where shall I find him now——D'ye know where Charles is gone, Gardy ?

*Sir Fran.* Gone to the devil, and you may go after him.

*Mar.* Ay that I will as fast as I can. [Going returns.  
*Have you any commands there, Gardy ?* [Exit.

*Sir Fran.* What, is the fellow distracted ?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir George Airy inquires for you, sir.

*Sir Fran.* Desire sir George to walk up.——Now for a trial of skill that will make me happy and him a fool. Ha, ha, ha ! In my mind he looks like an ass already.

*Enter Sir GEORGE.*

Well, sir George, do you hold in the same mind, or would you capitulate ? ha, ha, ha ! Look, here are the guineas ; [Chinks them.] ha, ha, ha !

*Sir Geo.* Not if they were twice the sum, sir Francis,

therefore be brief, call in the lady, and take your post.

*Sir Fran.* Agreed. Miranda! [Exit.

*Sir Geo.* If she's a woman, and not seduc'd by witchcraft to this old rogue, I'll make his heart ache; for if she has but one grain of inclination about her I'll vary a thousand shapes but find it.

*Enter MIRANDA and Sir FRANCIS.*

*Sir Fran.* There, sir George, try your fortune.

[Takes out his watch.

*Sir Geo.* So from the eastern chambers breaks the sun, dispels the clouds, and gilds the vales below.

[Salutes her.

*Sir Fran.* Hold, sir; kissing was not in our agreement.

*Sir Geo.* Oh! that's by way of prologue. Pr'ythee, old mammon, to thy post.

*Sir Fran.* Well, young Timon, 'tis now four exactly; ten minutes, remember, is your utmost limit; not a minute more. [Retires to the bottom of the stage.

*Sir Geo.* Madam, whether you'll excuse or blame my love, the author of this rash proceeding, depends upon your pleasure, as also the life of your admirer; your sparkling eyes speak a heart susceptible of love, your vivacity a soul too delicate to admit the embraces of decayed mortality.

*Miran. aside.]* Oh! that I durst speak——

*Sir Geo.* Shake off this tyrant guardian's yoke; assume yourself, and dash his bold aspiring hopes. The deity of his desires is avarice, a heretick in love, and

ought to be banish'd by the queen of beauty. See, madam, a faithful servant kneels, and begs to be admitted in the number of your slaves.

[*Miranda gives him her hand to raise him.*

*Sir Fran.* "I wish I could hear what he says now."  
[*Running up.*] Hold, hold, hold! no palming, that's contrary to articles——

*Sir Geo.* 'Sdeath, sir, keep your distance, or I'll write another article in your guts.

[*Lays his hand to his sword.*

*Sir Fran.* [*Going back.* A bloody-minded fellow.

*Sir Geo.* Not answer me! perhaps she thinks my address too grave: I'll be more free—Can you be so unconscionable, madam, to let me say all these fine things to you without one single compliment in return? View me well; am I not a proper handsome fellow, ha! can you prefer that old, dry, wither'd, sapless log of sixty-five to the vigorous, gay, sprightly lover of twenty-four? With snoring only he'll awake thee, but I with ravishing delight will make thy senses dance in concert with the joyful minutes—Ha! not yet! "Sure she's dumb"—Thus would I steal and touch thy beauteous hand, [*Takes hold of her hand.*] 'till by degrees I reach'd thy snowy breasts, then ravish kisses thus. [*Embraces her with ecstasy.*

*Miran, struggles, and flings from him.*] Oh, heavens! I shall not be able to contain myself. [*Aside.*

*Sir Fran. running up with his watch in his hand.*] Sure she did not speak to him—There's five of the ten

minutes gone, sir George—Adad I don't like those close conferences——

*Sir Geo.* More interruptions—you will have it, sir!

[*Lays his hand to his sword.*]

*Sir Fran. going back.*] No, no? you sha'n't have her neither. [Aside.]

*Sir Geo.* Dumb still—sure this old dog has enjoind her silence. I'll try another way—"I must conclude, "madam, that in compliance to your guardian's humour you refuse to answer me. Consider the injustice of his injunction."—Madam, these few minutes cost me a hundred pounds—and would you answer me I could purchase the whole day so. However, madam, you must give me leave to make the best interpretation I can for my money, and take the indication of your silence for the secret liking of my person; therefore, madam, I will instruct you how to keep your word inviolate to Sir Francis, and yet answer me to every question: as for example, when I ask any thing to which you would reply in the affirmative, gently nod your head—thus, [*Nods.*] and when in the negative thus, [*Shakes his head.*] and in the doubtful, a tender sigh thus, [*Sighs.*]

*Miran.* How every action charms me—but I'll fit him for signs I warrant him. [Aside.]

"*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! poor sir George! ha, "ha, ha!"

*Sir Geo.* Was it by his desire that you are dumb, madam, to all I can say? [*Miranda nods.*] Very well!



she's tractable I find—And is it possible that you can love him? [Miranda *nods*.] Miraculous! Pardon the bluntness of my questions, for my time is short. May I not hope to supplant him in your esteem? [Miranda *sighs*.] Good! she answers me as I could wish.—You'll not consent to marry him then? [Miranda *sighs*.] How! Doubtful in that?—Undone again—Humph! but that may proceed from his power to keep her out of her estate 'till twenty-five: I'll try that—Come, madam, I cannot think you hesitate in this affair out of any motive but your fortune—let him keep it 'till those few years are expired; make me happy with your person, let him enjoy your wealth.—[Miranda *holds up her hands*.] Why, what sign is that now? Nay, nay, madam, except you observe my lesson I can't understand your meaning.

*Sir Fran.* What a vengeance! are they talking by signs! 'ad I may be fool'd here. What do you mean, sir George?

*Sir Geo.* To cut your throat if you dare mutter another syllable.

*Sir Fran.* 'Od I wish he were fairly out of my house!

*Sir Geo.* Pray, madam, will you answer me to the purpose? [Miranda *shakes her head, and points to sir Francis*.] What does she mean? she won't answer me to the purpose, or is she afraid yon' old cuff shou'd understand her signs?—ay, it must be that. I perceive, madam, you are too apprehensive of the promise you have made to follow my rules, therefore I'll

suppose your mind, and answer for you.—“First  
 “for myself, madam; that I am in love with you is  
 “an infallible truth.” Now for you. [*Turns on her side.*] “Indeed, sir! and may I believe it?”—“As  
 “certainly, madam, as that ’tis daylight, or that I die  
 “if you persist in silence.—Bless me with the music  
 “of your voice, and raise my spirits to their proper  
 “heaven. Thus low let me entreat ere I’m oblig’d  
 “to quit this place; grant me some token of a fa-  
 “vourable reception to keep my hopes alive.” [*Arises*  
 “*hastily, turns on her side.*] “Rise, sir, and since my  
 “guardian’s presence will not allow me privilege of  
 “tongue, read that, and rest assured you are not indif-  
 “ferent to me.” [*Offers her a letter, she strikes it down.*]  
 “Ha, right woman! but no matter; I’ll go on.”

*Sir Fran.* Ha! what’s that! a letter!—Ha, ha,  
 ha! thou art baulk’d.

*Miran.* The best assurance I ever saw— [*Aside.*

*Sir Geo.* Ha! a letter! oh! let me kiss it with the  
 same raptures that I would do the dear hand that  
 touch’d it. [*Opens it.*] Now for a quick fancy and a  
 long extempore—What’s here? [*Reads.*] “Dear Sir  
 “George! this virgin muse I consecrate to you, which  
 “when it has receiv’d the addition of your voice ’twill  
 “charm me into a desire of liberty to love, which  
 “you, and only you, can fix.” My angel! oh, you  
 transport me! [*Kisses the letter.*] “And see the pow’r  
 “of your command, the god of love, has set the verse  
 “already, the flowing numbers dance into a tune,  
 “and I’m inspir’d with a voice to sing it.

"Miran. I'm sure thou'rt inspired with impudence  
"enough." [Aside.

Sir Geo. "Great love inspire him,  
"Say I admire him.  
"Give me the lover  
"That can discover  
"Secret devotion  
"From silent motion;  
"Then don't betray me.  
"But hence convey me.

[Sir Geo. taking hold of Miran.] "With all my heart;"  
this moment let's retire. [Sir Fran. coming up hastily.

Sir Fran. The time is expir'd, sir, and you must take  
your leave. There, my girl, there's the hundred  
pounds which thou hast won. Go, I'll be with you  
presently; ha, ha, ha, ha! [Exit Miran.

Sir Geo. Adsheart, madam, you won't leave me  
just in the nick, will you?

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! she has nick'd you, sir George,  
I think; ha, ha, ha! Have you any more hundred  
pounds to throw away upon courtship? ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. He, he, he, he! A curse of your fleering  
jest!—Yet, however ill I succeed, I'll venture the  
same wager she does not value thee a spoonful of  
snuff—nay more, though you enjoin'd her silence to  
me, you'll never make her speak to the purpose with  
yourself.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! Did I not tell thee thou  
would'st repent thy money? Did I not say she hated  
young fellows? ha, ha, ha.

*Sir Geo.* And I'm positive she's not in love with age.

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! no matter for that, ha, ha! She's not taken with your youth, nor your rhetorick to boot; ha, ha!

*Sir Geo.* Whate'er her reasons are for disliking of me, I am certain she can be taken with nothing about thee.

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! how he swells with envy—Poor man! poor man—ha, ha, ha! I must beg your pardon, sir George; Miranda will be impatient to have her share of mirth. Verily we shall laugh at thee most egregiously; ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Geo.* With all my heart, faith—I shall laugh in my turn too—for if you dare marry her, old Belzebub, you will be cuckolded most egregiously: remember that, and tremble——

“ *She that to age her beauteous self resigns,  
 “ Shows witty management for close designs;  
 “ Then if thou’rt grac’d with fair Miranda’s bed,  
 “ Aetæon’s horns she means shall crown thy head.*

[Exit.

“ *Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! he is mad.  
 “ *These fluttering fops imagine they can wind,  
 “ Turn and decoy to love all womankind;  
 “ But here’s a proof of wisdom in my charge,  
 “ Old men are constant, young men live at large.  
 “ The frugal hand can bills at sight defray,  
 “ When he that lavish is has naught to pay.*

[Ex.

SCENE II.

*Changes to Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK'S house.*

*Enter Sir JEALOUS, ISABINDA, and PATCH following.*

*Sir Jeal.* What, in the balcony again, notwithstanding my positive commands to the contrary?—Why don't you write a bill on your forehead to shew passengers there's something to be let?—

*Isab.* What harm can there be in a little fresh air, sir?

*Sir Jeal.* Is your constitution so hot, mistress, that it wants cooling, ha? Apply the virtuous Spanish rules; banish your taste and thoughts of flesh, feed upon roots, and quench your thirst with water.

*Isab.* That and a close room wou'd certainly make me die of the vapours.

*Sir Jeal.* No, mistress, 'tis your high-fed, lusty, rambling, rampant ladies—that are troubled with the vapours: tis your ratafia, persico, cinnamon, citron, and spirit of clara, cause such swimming in the brain, that carries many a guinea full tide to the doctor: but you are not to be bred this way, no galloping abroad, no receiving visits at home, for in our loose country the women are as dangerous as the men.

*Patch.* So I told her, sir, and that it was not decent to be seen in a balcony—but she threatened to slap

my chops, and told me I was her servant, not her governess.

*Sir Jeal.* Did she so? but I'll make her to know that you are her duenna. Oh that incomparable custom of Spain! Why, here's no depending upon old women in my country—for they are as wanton at eighty as a girl of eighteen, and a man may as safely trust to Asgil's translation as to his great grandmother's not marrying again.

*Isab.* Or to the Spanish ladies' veils and duennas for the safeguard of their honour.

*Sir Jeal.* Dare to ridicule the cautious conduct of that wise nation, and I'll have you lock'd up this fortnight without a peep-hole.

*Isab.* If we had but the ghostly helps in England which they have in Spain, I might deceive you if you did—"Sir, 'tis not the restraint, but the innate "principle, secures the reputation and honour of our "sex."—Let me tell you, sir, confinement sharpens the invention, as want of sight strengthens the other senses, and is often more pernicious than the recreation that innocent liberty allows.

*Sir Jeal.* Say you so, mistress! who the devil taught you the art of reasoning? I assure you they must have a greater faith than I pretend to, that can think any woman innocent who requires liberty; therefore Patch, to your charge I give her; lock her up till I come back from 'change. I shall have some sauntering coxcomb, with nothing but a red coat and a feather, think by leaping into her arms to leap into my



estate—but I'll prevent them ; she shall be only signior Babinetto's.

*Patch.* Really, sir, I wish you would employ any body else in this affair ; I lead a life like a dog with obeying your commands. Come, madam, will you please to be locked up ?

*Isab.* Ay, to enjoy more freedom than he is aware of. [*Aside.*] [*Exit with Patch.*]

*Sir Jeal.* I believe this wench is very true to my interest : I am happy I met with her, if I can but keep my daughter from being blown up till Signior Babinetto arrives, who shall marry her as soon as he comes, and carry her to Spain as soon as he has married her. She has a pregnant wit, and I'd no more have her an English wife than the Grand Signior's mistress. [*Exit.*]

*Enter WHISPER.*

*Whisp.* So, I saw Sir Jealous go out : where shall I find Mrs. Patch now ?

*Enter PATCH.*

*Patch.* Oh, Mr. Whisper ! my lady saw you out of the window, and order'd me to bid you fly and let your master know she's now alone.

*Whisp.* Hush ! speak softly ! I go, I go ! But hark ye, Mrs. Patch, shall not you and I have a little confabulation, when my master and your lady are engag'd ?

*Patch.* Ay, ay ; farewell. [*Goes in and shuts the door.*]

*Re-enter Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK, meeting WHISPER.*

*Sir Jeal.* Sure, whilst I was talking with Mr. Tradewell, I heard my door clap. [*Seeing Whisper.*] Ha! a man lurking about my house! Who do you want there, sir?

*Whisp.* Want—want; a pox! Sir Jealous! What must I say now?

*Sir Jeal.* Ay, want! Have you a letter or message for any body there?—'O my conscience this is some he-bawd—

*Whisp.* Letter or message, sir?

*Sir Jeal.* Ay, letter or message, sir?

*Whisp.* No, not I, sir.

*Sir Jeal.* Sirrah, sirrah! I'll have you set in the stocks if you don't tell your business immediately.

*Whisp.* Nay, sir, my business—is no great matter of business neither, and yet 'tis business of consequence too.

*Sir Jeal.* Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

*Whisp.* Trifle, sir! have you found him, sir?

*Sir Jeal.* Found what, you rascal?

*Whisp.* Why, Trifle is the very lapdog my lady lost, sir; I fancy'd I saw him run into this house. I'm glad you have him—Sir; my lady will be overjoy'd that I have found him.

*Sir Jeal.* Who is your lady, friend?

*Whisp.* My lady Lovepuppy, sir.

*Sir Jeal.* My lady Lovepuppy, sir! then pr'ythee carry thyself to her, for I know of no other whelp

that belongs to her; and let me catch you no more puppy-hunting about my doors, lest I have you prest into the service, sirrah.

*Whisp.* By no means, sir—Your humble servant. I must watch whether he goes or no before I can tell my master. [Exit.]

*Sir Jeal.* This fellow has the officious leer of a pimp, and I half suspect a design; but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

CHARLES's lodgings. *Enter CHARLES and MARPLOT.*

*Cha.* Honest Marplot! I thank thee for this supply. I expect my lawyer with a thousand pounds I have ordered him to take up, and then you shall be repaid.

*Mar.* Pho, pho! no more of that. Here comes sir George Airy,

*Enter Sir GEORGE.*

cursedly out of humour at his disappointment. See how he looks! ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Geo.* Ah, Charles! I am so humbled in my pretensions to plots upon women, that I believe I shall never have courage enough to attempt a chamber-maid again—I'll tell thee—

*Cha.* Ha, ha! I'll spare you the relation by telling you—Impatient to know your business with my fa-

ther, when I saw you enter I slipt back into the next room, where I overheard every syllable.

Mar. *Did you, Charles? I wish I had been with you.*

Sir Geo. That I said—but I'll be hang'd if you heard her answer—But pr'ythee tell me, Charles, is she a fool?

Cha. I never suspected her for one; but Marplot can inform you better, if you allow him a judge.

Mar. A fool! I'll justify she has more wit than all the rest of her sex put together. Why, she'll rally me till I ha'n't a word to say for myself.

Cha. A mighty proof of her wit, truly—

Mar. There must be some trick in't, sir George: egad I'll find it out if it cost me the sum you paid for't.

Sir Geo. Do, and command me—

Mar. Enough: let me alone to trace a secret—

*Enter WHISPER, and speaks aside to his master.*

The devil! he here again? damn that fellow, he never speaks out. Is this the same or a new secret? *You may speak out, here are none but friends.*

Cha. *Pardon me, Marplot, 'tis a secret.*

Mar. *A secret! ay, or ecod I would not give a farthing for it.* Sir George, won't you ask Charles what news Whisper brings?

Sir Geo. Not I, sir; I suppose it does not relate to me.

Mar. Lord, Lord! how little curiosity some peo-

ple have! Now my chief pleasure is in knowing every body's business.

*Sir Geo.* I fancy, Charles, thou hast some engagement upon thy hands?

*Mar.* Have you, Charles?

*Sir Geo.* I have a little business too.

*Mar.* Have you, sir George?

*Sir Geo.* Marplot, if it falls in your way to bring me any intelligence from Miranda, you'll find me at the Thatch'd-house at six——

*Mar.* You do me much honour.

*Cha.* You guess right, sir George; wish me success.

*Sir Geo.* Better than attended me. Adieu. [*Exit.*

*Cha.* Marplot, you must excuse me——

*Mar.* Nay, nay; what need of any excuse amongst friends? I'll go with you.

*Cha.* Indeed you must not.

*Mar.* No; then I suppose 'tis a duel, and I will go to secure you.

*Cha.* Well, but 'tis no duel, consequently no danger; therefore, pr'ythee be answer'd.

*Mar.* What, isn't a mistress then?—Mum—you know I can be silent upon occasion.

*Cha.* I wish you could be civil too: I tell you, you neither must nor shall go with me. Farewell. [*Exit.*

*Mar.* Why then—I must and will follow you. [*Ex.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Charles.*

WELL, here's the house which holds the lovely prize, quiet and serene: here no noisy footmen throng to tell the world that beauty dwells within; no ceremonious visit makes the lover wait, no rival to give my heart a pang. Who would not scale the window at midnight without fear of the jealous father's pistol, rather than fill up the train of a coquette, where every minute he is jostled out of place! [*Knocks softly.*] Mrs. Patch, Mrs. Patch!

*Enter PATCH.*

*Patch.* Oh, are you come, sir? All's safe.

*Cha.* So in, in then.

*Enter MARPLOT.*

*Mar.* There he goes! Who the devil lives here? except I can find out that, I am as far from knowing his business as ever. Gad I'll watch; it may be a bawdy-house, and he may have his throat cut. If there should be any mischief I can make oath he went in. Well, Charles, in spite of your endeavours to keep me out of the secret I may save your life for aught I know. At that corner I'll plant myself; there I shall see whoever goes in or comes out. Gad I love discoveries.

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[*Exit.*]



SCENE II.

*Draws, and discovers* CHARLES, ISABINDA, and PATCH.

*Isab.* Patch, look out sharp; have a care of dad.

*Patch.* I warrant you.

*Isab.* Well, sir, if I may judge your love by your courage, I ought to believe you sincere, for you venture into the lion's den when you come to see me.

*Cha.* If you'd consent whilst the furious beast is abroad, I'd free you from the reach of his paws.

*Isab.* That would be but to avoid one danger by running into another, "like poor wretches who fly  
"the burning ship and meet their fate in the water." Come, come, Charles, I fear if I consult my reason, confinement and plenty is better than liberty and starving. I know you would make the frolic pleasing for a little time, by saying and doing a world of tender things; but when our small substance is exhausted, and a thousand requisites for life are wanting, Love, who rarely dwells with poverty, would also fail us.

*Cha.* Faith I fancy not; methinks my heart has laid up a stock will last for life, to back which I have taken a thousand pounds upon my uncle's estate; that surely will support us till one of our fathers relent.

*Isab.* There's no trusting to that, my friend; I doubt your father will carry his humour to the grave, and mine till he sees me settled in Spain.

*Cha.* And can you then cruelly resolve to stay till that curs'd Don arrives, and suffer that youth, beauty, fire, and wit, to be sacrific'd to the arms of a dull Spaniard, to be immured, and forbid the sight of any thing that's human?

*Isab.* No; when it comes to that extremity, and no stratagem can relieve us, thou shalt list for a soldier, and I'll carry thy knapsack after thee.

*Cha.* Bravely resolv'd! the world cannot be more savage than our parents, and fortune generally assists the bold, therefore consent now: why should she put it to a future hazard? who knows when we shall have another opportunity?

*Isab.* Oh, you have your ladder of ropes, I suppose, and the closet window stands just where it did; and if you ha'n't forgot to write in characters, Patch will find a way for our assignations. Thus much of the Spanish contrivance my father's severity has taught me, I thank him: though I hate the nation, I admire their management in these affairs.

*Enter PATCH.*

*Patch.* Oh, madam! I see my master coming up the street.

*Cha.* Oh, the devil! would I had my ladder now! I thought you had not expected him till night. Why, why, why, why, what shall I do, madam?

*Isab.* Oh! for Heav'n's sake don't go that way; you'll meet him full in the teeth. "Oh, unlucky moment!"

*Cha.* 'Adsheart! can you shut me into no cupboard nor ram me into a chest, ha?

*Patch.* Impossible, sir, he searches every hole in the house.

*Isab.* Undone for ever! if he sees you, I shall never see you more.

*Patch.* I have thought on it: run you to your chamber, madam; and, sir, come you along with me; I'm certain you may easily get down from the balcony.

*Cha.* My life! adieu—Lead on, guide.

[*Exeunt Patch and Charles.*]

*Isab.* Heav'n preserve him!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*Changes to the street. Enter Sir JEALOUS, with MARPLOT behind him.*

*Sir Jeal.* I don't know what's the matter, but I have a strong suspicion all is not right within; that fellow's sauntering about my door, and his tale of a puppy, had the face of a lie, methought. By St. Iago, if I should find a man in the house I'd make mince meat of him——

*Mar.* *Mince meat!* Ah, poor Charles! *how I sweat for thee!* Egad he's old—I fancy I might bully him, and make Charles have an opinion of my courage. Egad I'll pluck up, and have a touch with him.

*Sir Jeal.* My own key shall let me in; I'll give them no warning.

[*Feeling for his key.*]

*Cha.* And can you then cruelly resolve to stay till that curs'd Don arrives, and suffer that youth, beauty, fire, and wit, to be sacrific'd to the arms of a dull Spaniard, to be immured, and forbid the sight of any thing that's human?

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*Patch.* I have thought on it: run you to your chamber, madam; and, sir, come you along with me; I'm certain you may easily get down from the balcony.

*Cha.* My life! adieu—Lead on, guide.

[*Exeunt Patch and Charles.*]

*Isab.* Heav'n preserve him!

[*Exit.*]

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SCENE III.

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*Sir Jeal.* I don't know what's the matter, but I have a strong suspicion all is not right within; that fellow's sauntering about my door, and his tale of a puppy, had the face of a lie, methought. By St. Iago, if I should find a man in the house I'd make mince meat of him——

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*Sir Jeal.* My own key shall let me in; I'll give them no warning.

[*Feeling for his key.*]

Mar. What's that you say, sir? [*Going up to sir Jeal.*]

Sir Jeal. What's that to you, sir?

[*Turns quick upon him.*]

Mar. Yes, 'tis to me, sir, for the gentleman you threaten is a very honest gentleman. Look to't, for if he comes not as safe out of your house as he went in.

Sir Jeal. *What, is he in then?*

Mar. Yes, sir, *he is then; and I say if he does not come out I have half a dozen myrmidons hard by shall beat your house about your ears.*

Sir Jeal. Ah! a combination to undo me—I'll myrmidon you, ye dog you—Thieves! thieves!

[*Beats Marplot all the while he cries thieves.*]

Mar. Murder, murder! I was not in your house, sir.

*Enter Servant.*

Serv. What's the matter, sir?

Sir Jeal. The matter, rascal! you have let a man into my house, but I'll flea him alive. Follow me; I'll not leave a mousehole unsearch'd. If I find him, by St. Iago I'll equip him for the opera.

Mar. A deuce of his cane! there's no trusting to age—What shall I do to relieve Charles? egad, I'll raise the neighbourhood.—Murder! murder!—  
[*Charles drops down upon him from the balcony.*] Charles! faith I'm glad to see thee safe out with all my heart!

Cha. A pox of your bawling! how the devil came you here?

Mar. Egad, it's very well for you that I was here; I



have done you a piece of service: I told the old thunderbolt that the gentleman that was gone in was—

*Cha.* Was it you that told him, sir? [*Laying hold of him.*] 'Sdeath! I could crush thee into atoms.

[*Exit Charles.*

*Mar.* What! will you choke me for my kindness? —Will my inquiring soul never leave searching into other people's affairs till it gets squeez'd out of my body? I dare not follow him now for my blood, he's in such a passion.—I'll to Miranda; if I can discover aught that may oblige sir George, it may be a means to reconcile me again to Charles.

*Sir Jeal.* within.] *Look about! search! find him out!*

*Mir.* *Oh, the devil! there's old Crabstick again.* [*Ex.*

*Enter Sir JEALOUS and his Servants.*

*Sir Jeal.* Are you sure you have search'd every where?

*Serv.* Yes, from the top of the house to the bottom.

*Sir Jeal.* Under the beds and over the beds?

*Serv.* Yes, and in them too, but found nobody, sir.

*Sir Jeal.* Why, what could this rogue mean?

*Enter ISABINDA and PATCH.*

*Patch.* Take courage, madam, I saw him safe out.

[*Aside to Isab.*

*Isab.* Bless me! what's the matter, sir?

*Sir Jeal.* You know best—Pray where's the man that was here just now?

*Isab.* What man, sir? I saw none.

*Patch.* Nor I, by the trust you repose in me. Do you think I wou'd let a man come within these doors when you are absent?

*Sir Jeal.* Ah, Patch! she may be too cunning for thy honesty: the very scout that he had set to give warning discovered it to me—and threatened me with half-a-dozen myrmidons—but I think I maul'd the villain. These afflictions you draw upon me, mistress!

*Isab.* Pardon me, sir, 'tis your own ridiculous humour draws you into these vexations, and gives every fool pretence to banter you.

*Sir Jeal.* No, 'tis your idle conduct, your coquetish flirting into the balcony—Oh! with what joy shall I resign thee into the arms of Don Diego Babinetto!

*Isab.* And with what industry shall I avoid him.

[*Aside.*

*Sir Jeal.* Certainly that rogue had a message from somebody or other, but, being baulk'd by my coming, popp'd that sham upon me. Come along, ye sots, let's see if we can find the dog again. Patch, lock her up, d'ye hear?

*Patch.* Yes, sir—Ay, walk till your heels ache, you'll find nobody I promise you.

*Isab.* Who could that scout be which he talks of?

*Patch.* Nay, I can't imagine without it was Whisper.

*Isab.* Well, dear Patch! let's employ all our thoughts how to escape this horrid Don Diego; my very heart sinks at his terrible name.

*Patch.* Fear not, madam ; Don Carlo shall be the man, or I'll lose the reputation of contriving, and then what's a chambermaid good for ?

" *Isab.* Say'st thou so, my girl ? then

" *Let dad be jealous, multiply his cares ;*

" *Whilst love instructs me to avoid the snares,*

" *I'll spite of all his Spanish caution show*

" *How much for love a British maid can do.*" [Exeunt.]

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SCENE IV.

*Sir FRANCIS GRIPE's house. Enter Sir FRANCIS and MIRANDA meeting.*

*Miran.* Well, Gardy, how did I perform the dumb scene ?

*Sir Fran.* To admiration—Thou dear little rogue ! let me buss thee for it : nay, adad I will, Chargy, so muzzle, and tuzzle, and hug thee ; I will, i'faith I will. [Hugging and kissing her.]

*Miran.* Nay, Gardy, don't be so lavish. Who would ride post when the journey lasts for life ?

*Sir Fran.* Ah wag, ah wag ! I'll buss thee again for that. Oh, I'm transported ! When, when, my dear ! wilt thou convince the world of the happy day ? when shall we marry, ha ?

*Miran.* There's nothing wanting but your consent, sir Francis.

*Sir Fran.* My consent! what does my charmer mean?

*Miran.* Nay, 'tis only a whim; but I'll have every thing according to form—therefore when you sign an authentick paper drawn up by an able lawyer, that I have your leave to marry, the next day makes me your's, Gardy.

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! a whim indeed! why is it not demonstration I give my leave when I marry thee?

*Miran.* Not for your reputation, Gardy; the malicious world will be apt to say you trick me into marriage, and so take the merit from my choice: now I will have the act my own, to let the idle fops see how much I prefer a man loaded with years and wisdom.

*Sir Fran.* Humph! Pr'ythee leave out years, Chargy; I'm not so old, as thou shalt find. Adad I'm young: there's a caper for ye! [Jumps.]

*Miran.* Oh, never excuse it; why, I like you the better for being old—but I shall suspect you don't love me if you refuse me this formality.

*Sir Fran.* Not love thee, Chargy! Adad I do love thee better than, than, than, better than—what shall I say? egad better than money; i'faith I do—

*Miran.* That's false I'm sure. [*Aside.*] To prove it do this then.

*Sir Fran.* Well, I will do it, Chargy, provided I bring a licence at the same time.

*Miran.* Ay, and a parson too if you please. Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think how all the young coxcombs about town will be mortified when they hear of our marriage.

*Sir Fran.* So they will, so they will; ha, ha, ha!

*Miran.* Well, I fancy I shall be so happy with my Gardy—

*Sir Fran.* If wearing pearls and jewels, or eating gold as the old saying is, can make thee happy, thou shalt be so, my sweetest, my lovely, my charming my—verily I know not what to call thee.

*Miran.* You must know, Gardy, that I am so eager to have this business concluded, that I have employed my woman's brother, who is a lawyer in the Temple, to settle matters just to your liking; you are to give your consent to my marriage, which is to yourself you know: but, mum, you must take no notice of that. So then I will, that is, with your leave, put my writings into his hands; then to-morrow we come slap upon them with a wedding that nobody thought on, by which you seize me and my estate, and I suppose make a bonfire of your own act and deed.

*Sir Fran.* Nay, but Chary, if—

*Miran.* Nay, Gardy, no Ifs.—Have I refus'd three northern lords, two British peers, and half a score knights, to have put in your Ifs?

*Sir Fran.* So thou hast indeed, and I will trust to thy management. 'Od I'm all of a fire.

*Miran.* 'Tis a wonder the dry stubble does not blaze.

*Enter MARPLOT.*

*Sir Fran.* How now, who sent for you, sir? What, is the hundred pound gone already?

*Mar.* No, sir; I don't want money now, Gardy.

*Sir Fran.* No, that's a miracle! but there's one thing you want I'm sure.

*Mar.* Ay, what's that?

*Sir Fran.* Manners! What, had I no servants without?

*Mar.* None that could do my business, Guardian, which is at present with this lady.

*Miran.* With me, Mr. Marplot! what is it I beseech you?

*Sir Fran.* Ay, sir, what is it? any thing that relates to her may be delivered to me.

*Mar.* I deny that.

*Miran.* That's more than I do, sir.

*Mar.* Indeed, madam! Why then to proceed: Fame says, *you know best whether she lies or not*, that you and my most conscionable Guardian here design'd, contriv'd, plotted, and agreed, to chouse a very civil, honest, honourable gentleman out of a hundred pounds: *Guilty or not?*

*Miran.* That I contriv'd it!

*Mar.* Ay, you—you said never a word against it, so far you are guilty.

*Sir Fran.* Pray tell that civil, honest, honourable gentleman, that if he has any more such sums to foot away, they shall be receiv'd like the last; ha, ha, ha!



Chous'd, quotha ! But hark ye, let him know at the same time, that if he dare to report I trick'd him of it, I shall recommend a lawyer to him shall shew him a trick for twice as much. D'ye hear ? tell him that.

*Mar.* So, and this is the way you use a gentleman, and my friend !

*Miran.* Is the wretch thy friend ?

*Mar.* The wretch ! look ye, madam, don't call names, egad I won't take it.

*Miran.* Why, you won't beat me, will you ? Ha, ha !

*Mar.* I don't know whether I will or no.

*Sir Fran.* Sir, I shall make a servant shew you out at the window if you are saucy.

*Mar.* I am your most humble servant, Guardian ; I design to go out the same way I came in. I would only ask this lady one question, *Don't you think he's a fine gentleman ?*

*Sir Fran.* *Who's a fine gentleman ?*

*Mar.* *Not you, Gurdy, not you !* Don't you think in your soul that sir George Airy is a very fine gentleman ?

*Miran.* He dresses well.

*Sir Fran.* Which is chiefly owing to his taylor and valet de chambre.

*Mar.* *Well, and who is your dress owing to, ha ? There's a beau, ma'am—do but look at him !*

*Sir Fran.* *Sirrah !*

*Miran.* And if being a beau be a proof of his being a fine gentleman, he may be so.

Mar. *He may be so!* Why, ma'am, the judicious part of the world allow him wit, courage, gallantry, ay, and economy too, tho' I think he forfeited that character when he flung away a hundred pounds upon your dumb ladyship.

*Sir Fran.* Does that gall him? Ha, ha, ha!

*Miran.* So, sir George, remaining in deep discontent, has sent you, his trusty squire, to utter his complaint. Ha, ha, ha!

*Mar.* Yes, madam; and you, like a cruel hard-hearted Jew, value it no more—than I would your ladyship, were I sir George; you, you, you—

*Miran.* Oh, don't call names: I know you love to be employed, and I'll oblige you, and you shall carry him a message from me.

*Mar.* According as I like it. What is it?

*Miran.* Nay, a kind one you may be sure—First, tell him I have chose this gentleman to have and to hold, and so forth.

[Clapping her hand into Sir Francis's.

*Mar.* *Much good may do you!*

*Sir Fran.* Oh, the dear rogue! how I dote on her!

[*Aside.*

*Miran.* And advise his impertinence to trouble me no more, for I prefer sir Francis for a husband before all the fops in the universe.

*Mar.* Oh Lord, oh Lord! she's bewitch'd, that's certain. Here's a husband for eighteen—*here's a tit-bit for a young lady—here's a shape, an air, and a grace—here's bones rattling in a leathern bag—*[Turning

*sir Francis about.*] here's buckram and canvas to scrub you to repentance.

*Sir Fran.* Sirrah, my cane shall teach you repentance presently.

*Mar.* No, faith, I have felt its twin brother from just such a wither'd hand too lately.

*Miran.* One thing more; advise him to keep from the garden-gate on the left hand, for if he dare to saunter there, about the hour of eight, as he us'd to do, he shall be saluted with a pistol or a blunderbuss.

*Sir Fran.* Oh, monstrous! Why, Chargy, did he use to come to the garden-gate?

*Miran.* The gard'ner described just such another man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain wou'd have brib'd him for his entrance—Tell him he shall find a warm reception if he comes this night.

*Mar.* Pistols and blunderbusses! Egad, a warm reception indeed! I shall take care to inform him of your kindness, and advise him to keep farther off.

*Miran.* I hope he will understand my meaning better than to follow your advice. [Aside.]

*Sir Fran.* Thou has't sign'd, seal'd, and ta'en possession of my heart for ever, Chargy, ha, ha, ha! and for you, Mr. Saucebox, let me have no more of your messages, if ever you design to inherit your estate, gentleman.

*Mar.* Why, there 'tis now. Sure I shall be out of your clutches one day—Well, Guardian, I say no more: but if you be not as arrant a cuckold as e'er drove bargain upon the Exchange, or paid attend-

ance to a court, I am the son of a whetstone ; and so your humble servant. [Exit.

*Miran.* Mr. Marplot, don't forget the message ? ha, ha, ha, ha !

*Mar.* *Nang, nang, nang !* [Exit.

*Sir Fran.* I am so provok'd—'tis well he's gone.

*Miran.* Oh, mind him not, Gardy, but let's sign articles, and then——

*Sir Fran.* And then—Adad I believe I am metamorphos'd, my pulse beats high, and my blood boils, methinks——

[*Kissing and hugging her.*

*Miran.* Oh, fie, Gardy ! be not so violent : consider the market lasts all the year.—Well ; I'll in, and see if the lawyer be come : you'll follow ? [Exit.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, to the world's end, my dear ! Well, Frank, thou art a lucky fellow in thy old age to have such a delicate morsel, and thirty thousand pounds in love with thee. I shall be the envy of bachelors, the glory of married men, and the wonder of the town. Some guardians would be glad to compound for part of the estate at dispatching an heiress ; but I engross the whole. *O ! mihi prateritos referet si Jupiter annos.* [Exit.

#### SCENE V.

*Changes to a tavern, discovers Sir GEORGE and CHARLES with wine before them, and WHISPER waiting.*

*Sir Geo.* Nay, pr'ythee, don't be grave, Charles :

misfortunes will happen. Ha, ha, ha! 'tis some comfort to have a companion in our sufferings.

*Cha.* I am only apprehensive for Isabinda; her father's humour is implacable; and now far his jealousy may transport him to her undoing, shocks my soul to think.

*Sir Geo.* But since you escap'd undiscover'd by him, his rage will quickly lash into a calm, never fear it.

*Cha.* But who knows what that unlucky dog, Marplot, told him, nor can I imagine what brought him hither: that fellow is ever doing mischief; and yet, to give him his due, he never designs it. This is some blundering adventure wherein he thought to shew his friendship, as he calls it! a curse on him!

*Sir Geo.* Then you must forgive him. What said he?

*Cha.* Said! nay, I had more mind to cut his throat, than to hear his excuses.

*Sir Geo.* Where is he?

*Whisp.* Sir, I saw him go into sir Francis Gripe's just now.

*Cha.* Oh! then he's upon your business, sir George: a thousand to one but he makes some mistake there too.

*Sir Geo.* Impossible, without he huffs the lady and makes love to Sir Francis.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Mr. Marplot is below, gentlemen, and desires to know if he may have leave to wait upon ye.

F iij

*Cha.* How civil the rogue is when he has done a fault!

*Sir Geo.* Ho! desire him to walk up. Pr'ythee, Charles, throw off this chagrin, and be good company.

*Cha.* Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him. Whisper, fetch me pen, ink, and paper.

*Whisp.* Yes, sir. [Exit Whisper.]

*Enter MARPLOT.*

*Cha.* Do but mark his sheepish look, sir George.

*Mar.* Dear Charles! don't overwhelm a man already under insupportable affliction. I'm sure I always intend to serve my friends, but if my malicious stars deny the happiness, is the fault mine?

*Sir Geo.* Never mind him, Mr. Marplot; he's eat up with spleen. But tell me, what says Miranda?

*Mar.* Says!—nay, we are all undone there too.

*Cha.* I told you so; nothing prospers that he undertakes.

*Mar.* Why, can I help her having chose your father for better for worse?

*Cha.* So; there's another of Fortune's strokes. I suppose I shall be edged out of my estate with twins every year, let who will get 'em.

*Sir Geo.* What! is the woman really possess'd?

*Mar.* Yes, with the spirit of contradiction: she rail'd at you most prodigiously.

*Sir Geo.* That's no ill sign.



*Enter WHISPER with pen, ink, and paper.*

*Mar.* You'd say it was no good sign if you knew all.

*Sir Geo.* Why, pr'ythee ?

*Mar.* Hark 'e, sir George, let me warn you ; pursue your old haunt no more ; it may be dangerous.

*[Charles sits down to write.]*

*Sir Geo.* My old haunt ! what do you mean ?

*Mar.* Why in short then, since you will have it, Miranda vows if you dare approach the garden-gate at eight o'clock, as you us'd, *you shall meet with a warm reception.*

*Sir Geo.* *A warm reception !*

*Mar.* *A very warm reception*—you shall be saluted with a blunderbuss, sir. These were her very words : nay, she bid me tell you so too.

*Sir Geo.* Ha ! the garden-gate at eight, as I us'd to do ! There must be meaning in this. Is there such a gate, Charles ?

*Mar.* *Is there such a gate, Charles.*

*Cha.* Yes, yes, it opens into the Park : I suppose her ladyship has made many a scamper thro' it.

*Sir Geo.* It must be an assignation then. Ha ! my heart springs for joy ; 'tis a propitious omen. My dear Marplot ! let me embrace thee ; thou art my friend, my better angel.—

*Mar.* What do you mean, sir George ?

*Sir Geo.* No matter what I mean. Here, take a bumper to the garden-gate, you dear rogue you !

Mar. You have reason to be transported, sir George; I have sav'd your life.

Sir Geo. My life! shou hast sav'd my soul, man. Charles, if thou dost not pledge this health, may'st thou never taste the joys of love.

Cha. Whisper, be sure you take care how you deliver this. [*Gives him the letter.*] Bring me the answer to my lodgings.

Whisp. I warrant you, sir.

Mar. Whither does that letter go? Now dare I not ask for my blood—*That fellow knows more secrets than I do.* [*Exit. Whisper.*]

Cha. Now I'm for you.

Sir Geo. To the garden-gate at the hour of eight, Charles: along; huzza!

Cha. I begin to conceive you.

Mar. That's more than I do, egad—To the garden-gate, huzza! [*Drinks.*] But I hope you design to keep far enough off on't, sir George.

Sir Geo. Ay, ay, never fear that; she shall see I despise her frowns; let her use the blunderbuss against the next fool; she sha'n't reach me with the smoke I warrant her; ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Ah, Charles! if you could receive a disappointment thus *en cavalier*, one should have some comfort in being beat for you.

Cha. The fool comprehends nothing.

Sir Geo. Nor would I have him. Pr'ythee, take him along with thee.

*Cha.* Enough.

*Sir Geo.* I kiss both your hands—And now for the garden-gate.

*It's beauty gives the assignation there,*

*And love too powerful grows t' admit of fear.* [Exit.

*Cha.* Come, you shall go home with me.

*Mar.* Shall I! and are we friends, Charles?—I am glad of it.

*Cha.* Come along.

[Exit Charles.

*Mar.* Egad, Charles, asking me to go home with him gives me a shrew'd suspicion there's more in the garden-gate than I comprehend. Faith I'll give him the drop, and away to Gardy's and find it out. *Exit.*

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The outside of Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK's house, PATCH peeping out of the door. Enter WHISPER.*

*Whisper.*

**H**A! Mrs. Patch, this is a lucky minute, to find you so readily; my master dies with impatience.

*Patch.* My lady imagined so, and by her orders I have been scouting this hour in search of you, to inform you that sir Jealous has invited some friends to supper with him to-night, which gives an opportunity to your master to make use of his ladder of

ropes. The closet window shall be open, and Isabinda be ready to receive him. Bid him come immediately.

*Whisp.* Excellent! he'll not disappoint, I warrant him.—But hold I have a letter here which I'm to carry an answer to. I can't think what language the direction is.

*Patch.* Pho! 'tis no language, but a character which the lovers invented to avert discovery—Ha! I hear my old master coming down stairs: it is impossible you should have an answer: away, and bid him come himself for that. Begone, we're ruin'd if you're seen, for he has doubled his care since the last accident.

*Whisp.* I go, I go. [Exit.]

*Patch.* There go you into my pocket. *[Puts it beside and it falls down.]* Now I'll up the back stairs lest I meet him—Well, a dexterous chambermaid is the ladies' best utensil, I say. [Exit.]

*Enter Sir JEALOUS, with a letter in his hand.*

*Sir Jeal.* So, this is some comfort; this tells me that Signior Don Diego Babinetto is safely arrived. He shall marry my daughter the minute he comes—Ha, ha! what's here? *[Takes up the letter Patch dropp'd.]* A letter! I don't know what to make of the superscription. I'll see what's withinside. *[Opens it.]*—Humph—'tis Hebrew I think. What can this mean?—There must be some trick in it. This was certainly design'd for my daughter; but I don't know that she can speak any language but her mother tongue—No matter

for that ; this may be one of Love's hieroglyphicks ; and I fancy I saw Patch's tail sweep by : that wench may be a slut, and instead of guarding my honour betray it. I'll find it out, I'm resolv'd—" Who's there ?

*Enter Servant.*

" What answer did you bring from the gentleman I sent you to invite ?

" *Serv.* That they'd all wait on you, sir, as I told you before ; but I suppose you forgot it, sir.

" *Sir Jeal.* Did I so, sir ? but I sha'n't forget to break your head if any of them come, sir.

" *Serv.* Come, sir ! why, did not you send me to desire their company, sir ?

" *Sir Jeal.* But I send you now to desire their absence. Say I have something extraordinary fallen out, which calls me abroad contrary to expectation, and ask their pardon ; and, d'ye hear, send the butler to me.

" *Serv.* Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*]

" *Enter Butler.*

" *Sir Jeal.* If this paper has a meaning I'll find it — Lay the cloth in my daughter's chamber, and bid the cook send supper thither presently.

" *But.* Yes, sir. — Hey-day ! what's the matter now ?

[*Exit.*]

" *Sir Jeal.* He wants the eyes of Argus that has a

“ young handsome daughter in this town ; but my  
“ comfort is I shall not be troubled long with her.  
“ He that pretends to rule a girl once in her teens  
“ had better be at sea in a storm, and would be in less  
“ danger ;

“ *For let him do or counsel all he can,*

“ *She thinks and dreams of nothing else but man.*” Ex.

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SCENE II.

ISABINDA'S chamber. ISABINDA and PATCH.

*Isab.* Are you sure nobody saw you speak to Whis-  
per ?

*Patch.* Yes, very sure, madam ; but I heard sir  
Jealous coming down stairs, so clapt his letter into  
my pocket. *[Feels for the letter.]*

*Isab.* A letter ! give it me quickly.

*Patch.* Bless me ! what's become on't—I'm sure I  
put it— *[Searching still.]*

*Isab.* Is it possible thou could'st be so careless ?—  
Oh, I'm undone for ever if it be lost.

*Patch.* I must have dropt it upon the stairs.—But  
why are you so much alarm'd ? if the worst happens  
nobody can read it, madam, nor find out whom it  
was design'd for.

*Isab.* If it falls into my father's hands, the very fi-  
gure of a letter will produce ill consequences. Run  
and look for it upon the stairs this moment.



*Patch.* Nay, I'm sure it can be no where else—  
[*As she is going out of the door meets the butler.*] How  
now, what do you want?

*But.* My master ordered me to lay the cloth here  
for supper.

*Isab.* Ruin'd past redemption— [Aside.

*Patch.* You mistake, sure. What shall we do?

*Isab.* I thought he expected company to-night—  
Oh, poor Charles! oh, unfortunate Isabinda!

*But.* I thought so too, madam; but I suppose he  
has altered his mind, [Lays the cloth, and exit.

*Isab.* The letter is the cause, This heedless action  
has undone me. Fly and fasten the closet window,  
which will give Charles notice to retire. Ha! my fa-  
ther! oh, confusion!

*Enter Sir JEALOUS.*

*Sir Jeal.* Hold, hold, Patch; whither are you go-  
ing? I'll have nobody stir out of the room till after  
supper.

*Patch.* Sir, I was going to reach your easy chair—  
oh, wretched accident!

*Sir Jeal.* I'll have nobody stir out of the room. I  
don't want my easy chair.

*Isab.* What will be the event of this? [Aside.

*Sir Jeal.* Hark ye, daughter, do you know this  
hand?

*Isab.* As I suspected—Hand do you call it, sir?  
'tis some schoolboy's scrawl.

*Patch.* Oh, Invention ! thou chambermaid's best friend, assist me !

*Sir Jeal.* Are you sure you don't understand it ?

[*Patch feels in her bosom and shakes her coats.*]

*Isab.* Do you understand it, sir ?

*Sir Jeal.* I wish I did.

*Isab.* Thank Heav'n you do not. [*Aside.*] Then I know no more of it than you do, indeed, sir ?

*Patch.* Oh Lord, O Lord ! what have you done, sir ? why, the paper is mine ; I dropp'd it out of my bosom. [*Snatching it from him.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Ha ! yours, mistress ?

*Isab.* What does she mean by owning it ?

*Patch.* Yes, sir, it is.

*Sir Jeal.* What is it ? speak.

*Patch.* Yes, sir, it is a charm for the tooth-ache—I have worn it these seven years ; 'twas given me by an angel for aught I know, when I was raving with the pain, for nobody knew from whence he came nor whither he went. He charged me never to open it, lest some dire vengeance befall me, and Heaven knows what will be the event. Oh, cruel misfortune ! that I should drop it and you should open it—If you had not open'd it—

*Isab.* Excellent wench ! [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Pox of your charms and whims for me ! if that be all 'tis well enough : there, there, burn it and I warrant you no vengeance will follow.

*Patch.* So all's right again thus far. [*Aside.*]

*Isab.* I would not lose Patch for the world—I'll

take courage a little. [*Aside.*] Is this usage for your daughter, sir? must my virtue and conduct be suspected for every trifle? You immure me like some dire offender here, and deny me all the recreations which my sex enjoy, and the custom of the country, "and modesty," allow; yet not content with that, you make my confinement more intolerable by your mistrusts and jealousies. Would I were dead so I were free from this.

*Sir Jeal.* To-morrow rids you of this tiresome load: Don Diego Babinetto will be here, and then my care ends and his begins.

*Isab.* Is he come then?—Oh, how shall I avoid this hated marriage! [*Aside.*]

*Enter servants with supper.*

*Sir Jeal.* Come, will you sit down?

*Isab.* I can't eat, sir.

*Patch.* No, I dare swear he has given her supper enough. I wish I could get into the closet. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Well, if you can't eat, then give me a song whilst I do.

*Isab.* I have such a cold I can scarce speak, sir, much less sing. How shall I prevent Charles coming in? [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* I hope you have the use of your fingers, madam. Play a tune upon your spinnet whilst your woman sings me a song.

*Patch.* I'm as much out of tune as my lady, if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

*Isab.* I shall make excellent music.

[*Sits down to play.*]

*Patch.* Really, sir, I am so frightened about your opening this charm that I can't remember one song.

*Sir Jeal.* Pish! hang your charm! come, come, sing any thing.

*Patch.* Yes, I'm likely to sing truly. [*Aside.*] Humph, humph; bless me! I can't raise my voice, my heart pants so.

*Sir Jeal.* Why, what, does your heart pant so that you can't play neither? Pray what key are you in, ha?

*Patch.* Ah, would the key was turn'd on you once.

[*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Why don't you sing, I say?

*Patch.* When madam has put her spinnet in tune, sir; humph, humph—

*Isab.* I cannot play, sir, whatever ails me. [*Rising.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Zounds! sit down and play me a tune, or I'll break the spinnet about your ears.

*Isab.* What will become of me? [*Sits down and plays.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Come, mistress. [*To Patch.*]

*Patch.* Yes, sir. [*Sings, but horridly out of tune.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Hey, hey! why, you are a-top of the house, and you are down in the cellar. What is the meaning of this? is it on purpose to cross me, ha?

*Patch.* Pray, madam, take it a little lower; I cannot reach that note—nor any note I fear.

*Isab.* Well, begin—Oh, Patch, we shall be discover'd.

*Patch.* I sink with apprehension, madam.—Humph, humph—[*Sings.*] [Charles opens the closet door.]

*Cha.* Music and singing!

*'Tis thus the bright celestial court above  
Beguiles the hours with music and with love.*

Death! her father there! [*The women shriek.*] then I must fly—[*Exit into the closet.*] [*Sir Jealous rises up hastily seeing Charles slip back into the closet.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Hell and Furies! a man in the closet!—

*Patch.* Ah! a ghost! a ghost!—He must not enter the closet—[*Isabinda throws herself down before the closet door as in a swoon.*]

*Sir Jeal.* The devil! I'll make a ghost of him I warrant you. [*Strives to get by.*]

*Patch.* Oh, hold, sir, have a care; you'll tread upon my lady—Who waits there? bring some water. Oh! this comes of your opening the charm. Oh, oh, oh, oh! [*Weeps aloud.*]

*Sir Jeal.* I'll charm you, housewife. Here lies the charm that conjur'd this fellow in I'm sure on't. Come out, you rascal, do so. Zounds! take her from the door or I'll spurn her from it, and break your neck down stairs.

*Isab.* He's gone; I heard him leap down.

[*Aside to Patch.*]

*Patch.* Nay then, let him enter—"Here, here, madam, smell to this: come, give me your hand; come nearer to the window; the air will do you good."

*Sir Jeal.* I wou'd she were in her grave. Where are you, sirrah? Villain! robber of my honour! I'll pull you out of your nest. [*Goes into the closet.*]

*Patch.* You'll be mistaken, old gentleman; the bird is flown.

*Isab.* I'm glad I have 'scap'd so well; I was almost dead in earnest with the fright.

*Re-enter Sir JEALOUS out of the closet.*

*Sir Jeal.* Whoever the dog were he has escap'd out of the window, for the sash is up: but tho' he is got out of my reach you are not. And first, Mrs. Pander, with your charms for the tooth-ache, get out of my house, go, troop; yet hold, stay, I'll see you out of my doors myself; but I'll secure your charge ere I go.

*Isab.* What do you mean, sir? was she not a creature of your own providing?

*Sir Jeal.* She was of the devil's providing for aught I know.

*Patch.* What have I done, sir, to merit your displeasure?

*Sir Jeal.* I don't know which of you have done it, but you shall both suffer for it, till I can discover whose guilt it is. Go, get in there; I'll move you from this side of the house. [*Pushes Isabinda in at the door and locks it, puts the key in his pocket.*] I'll keep the key myself; I'll try what ghost will get into that room: and now forsooth I'll wait on you down stairs.



*Patch.* Ah, my poor lady!—Down stairs, sir! but I won't go out, sir, till I have lock'd up my clothes.

*Sir Jeal.* If thou wert as naked as thou wert born thou should'st not stay to put on a smock. Come along, I say. When your mistress is marry'd you shall have your rags and every thing that belongs to you; but till then— *[Exit pulling her out.]*

*Patch.* Oh, barbarous usage for nothing.

*Re-enter at the lower end.*

*Sir Jeal.* There, go, and come no more within sight of my habitation these three days I charge you.

*[Slaps the door after her.]*

*Patch.* Did ever any body see such an old monster!

*Enter CHARLES.*

Oh, Mr. Charles! your affairs and mine are in an ill posture.

*Cha.* I am inur'd to the frowns of fortune; but what has befall'n thee?

*Patch.* Sir Jealous, whose suspicious nature is always on the watch, nay, even while one eye sleeps the other keeps centinel, upon sight of you flew into such a violent passion, that I cou'd find no stratagem to appease him, but in spite of all arguments he lock'd his daughter into his own apartment, and turn'd me out of doors.

*Cha.* Ha! oh, Isabinda!

*Patch.* And swears she shall see neither sun nor moon till she is Don Diego Babinetto's wife, who arrived last night, and is expected with impatience.

*Cha.* He dies; yes, by all the wrongs of love he shall: here will I plant myself, and through my breast he shall make his passage if he enters.

*Patch.* A most heroic resolution! there might be ways found out more to your advantage: policy is often preferr'd to open force.

*Cha.* I apprehend you not.

*Patch.* What think you of personating this Spaniard, imposing upon the father, and marrying your mistress by his own consent?

*Cha.* Say'st thou so, my angel! Oh, cou'd that be done, my life to come wou'd be too short to recompense thee: but how can I do that when I neither know what ship he came in, nor from what part of Spain, who recommends him, or how attended.

*Patch.* I can solve all this. He is from Madrid, his father's name Don Pedro Questo Portento Babinetto. Here's a letter of his to Sir Jealous, which he dropt one day. You understand Spanish, and the hand may be counterfeited. You conceive me, sir.

*Cha.* My better genius! thou hast reviv'd my drooping soul. I'll about it instantly. Come to my lodgings, and we will concert matters. [Exeunt.]

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SCENE III.

*A Garden-gate open, SCENTWELL waiting within. Enter Sir GEORGE AIRY.*

*Sir Geo.* So, this is the gate, and most invitingly open. If there should be a blunderbuss here now, what a dreadful ditty would my fall make for fools, and what a jest for the wits; how my name would be roar'd about the streets! Well, I'll venture all.

*Scent.* Hist, hist! sir George Airy— *[Enters.*

*Sir Geo.* A female voice! thus far I'm safe—My dear.

*Scent.* No, I'm not your dear, but I'll conduct you to her. Give me your hand; you must go thro' many a dark passage and dirty step before you arrive—

*Sir Geo.* I know I must before I arrive at paradise; therefore be quick, my charming guide.

*Scent.* For aught you know. Come, come, your hand, and away.

*Sir Geo.* Here, here, child; you can't be half so swift as my desires. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*The house. Enter MIRANDA.*

*Miran.* Well, let me reason a little with my mad self. Now, don't I transgress all rules to venture

upon a man without the advice of the grave and wise! But then a rigid, knavish guardian who would have marry'd me—to whom? even to his nauseous self, or nobody. Sir George is what I have try'd in conversation, inquir'd into his character, and am satisfied in both. Then his love! who would have given a hundred pounds only to have seen a woman he had not infinitely lov'd? So I find my liking him has furnish'd me with arguments enough of his side; and now the only doubt remains whether he will come or no.

*Enter SCENTWELL and Sir GEORGE.*

*Scent.* That's resolv'd, madam, for here's the knight.

[*Exit Scentwell.*]

*Sir Geo.* And I do once more behold that lovely object whose idea fills my mind, and forms my pleasing dreams!

*Miran.* What, beginning again in heroick!—Sir George, don't you remember how little fruit your last prodigal oration produc'd? Not one bare single word in answer.

*Sir Geo.* Ha! the voice of my incognita!—Why did you take ten thousand ways to captivate a heart your eyes alone had vanquish'd?

*Miran.* “Pr'ythee,” no more of these flights; “for our time's but short, and we must fall to business.” Do you think we can agree on that same terrible bugbear matrimony, without heartily repenting on both sides?

*Sir Geo.* It has been my wish since first my longing eyes beheld you.

“*Miran.* And your happy ears drank in the pleasing news I had thirty thousand pounds.

“*Sir Geo.* Unkind! did I not offer you, in those purchas’d minutes, to run the risk of your fortune, so you wou’d but secure that lovely person to my arms?

“*Miran.* Well, if you have such love and tenderness, since our wooing has been short, pray reserve it for our future days, to let the world see we are lovers after wedlock; ’twill be a novelty.”

*Sir Geo.* Haste then, end let us tie the knot, and prove the envy’d pair——

*Miran.* Hold, not so fast; I have provided better than to venture on dangerous experiments headlong——My Guardian, trusting to my dissembled love, has given up my fortune to my own disposal, but with this proviso, that he to-morrow morning weds me. He is now gone to Doctors Commons for a licence.

*Sir Geo.* Ha! a licence!

*Miran.* But I have planted emissaries that infallibly take him down to Epsom, under a pretence that a brother usurer of his is to make him his executor, the thing on earth he covets.

*Sir Geo.* ’Tis his known character.

*Miran.* Now my instruments confirm him this man is dying, and he sends me word he goes this minute

It must be to-morrow ere he can be undeceiv'd: that time is ours.

*Sir Geo.* Let us improve it then, and settle on our coming years endless, endless happiness.

*Miran.* I dare not stir till I hear he's on the road — then I and my writings, the most material point, are soon remov'd.

*Sir Geo.* I have one favour to ask: if it lies in your power, you wou'd be a friend to poor Charles; tho' the son of this tenacious man, he is as free from all his vices as nature and a good education can make him; and what now I have vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the man on earth I love.

*Miran.* I never was his enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my designs on his father. If his uncle's estate ought to be in his possession, which I shrewdly suspect, I may do him a singular piece of service.

*Sir Geo.* You are all goodness.

*Enter SCENTWELL.*

*Scent.* Oh, madam! my master and Mr. Marplot are just coming into the house.

*Miran.* Undone, undone! if he finds you here in this crisis all my plots are unravell'd.

*Sir Geo.* What shall I do? can't I get back into the garden?

*Scent.* Oh no! he comes up those stairs.

*Miran.* Here, here, here! can you condescend to stand behind this chimney-board, sir George?



*Sir Geo.* Any where, any where, dear madam! without ceremony.

*Scent.* Come, come, sir, lie close.

*[They put him behind the chimney-board.]*

*Enter Sir FRANCIS and MARPLOT, Sir FRANCIS peeling an orange.*

*Sir Fran.* I cou'd not go, tho' 'tis upon life and death, without taking leave of dear Chargy. Besides this fellow buzz'd into my ears that thou might'st be so desperate as to shoot that wild rake which haunts the garden-gate, and that would bring us into trouble, dear——

*Miran.* So, Marplot brought you back then?

*Mar.* Yes, I brought him back.

*Miran.* I'm oblig'd to him for that I'm sure.

*[Frowning at Marplot aside.]*

*Mar.* By her looks she means she's not oblig'd to me. I have done some mischief now, but what I can't imagine.

*Sir Fran.* Well, Chargy, I have had three messengers to come to Epsom to my neighbour Squeezum's, who, for all his vast riches, is departing. *[Sighs.]*

*Mar.* Ay, see what all you usurers must come to.

*Sir Fran.* Peace, you young knave! Some forty years hence I may think on't.—But, Chargy, I'll be with thee to-morrow before those pretty eyes are open; I will, I will, Chargy, I'll rouse you i' faith—Here, Mrs. Scentwell, lift up your lady's chimney-

board, that I may throw my peel in, and not litter her chamber.

*Miran.* Oh my stars! what will become of us now?

*Scent.* Oh, pray, sir, give it me; I love it above all things in nature, indeed I do.

*Sir Fran.* No, no, hussy; you have the green pip already; I'll have no apothecary's bills.

[*Goes towards the chimney.*]

*Miran.* Hold, hold, hold, dear Gardy! I have a, a, a, a, a, monkey shut up there, and if you open it before the man comes that is to tame it, 'tis so wild 'twill break all my china or get away, and that would break my heart; for I'm fond on't to distraction, next thee, dear Gardy! [In a flattering tone.]

*Sir Fran.* Well, well, Chargy, I won't open it; she shall have her monkey, poor rogue! Here, throw this peel out of the window. [Exit. Scentwell.]

*Mar.* A monkey! dear madam, let me see it; I can tame a monkey as well as the best of them all. Oh, how I love the little miniatures of man!

*Miran.* Be quiet, mischief! and stand farther from the chimney—You shall not see my monkey—why sure— [Striving with him.]

*Mar.* For Heav'n's sake, dear madam! let me but peep, to see if it be as pretty as lady Fiddle Faddle's. Has it got a chain?

*Miran.* Not yet, but I design it one shall last its lifetime. Nay, you shall not see it.—Look, Gardy, how he teazes me!

*Sir Fran.* [*Getting between him and the chimney.*] Sir-

rah, sirrah, let my Chargy's monkey alone, or bam-boo shall fly about your ears. What! is there no dealing with you?

*Mar.* Pugh, pox of the monkey! here's a rout! I wish he may rival you.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, they have put two more horses to the coach, as you order'd, and 'tis ready at the door.

*Sir Fran.* Well, I am going to be executor; better for thee, jewel. B'ye, Chargy; one buss!—I'm glad thou hast got a monkey to divert thee a little.

*Miran.* Thank'e, dear Gardy!—Nay, I'll see you to the coach.

*Sir Fran.* That's kind adad.

*Miran.* Come along, Impertinence. [*To Marplot.*

*Mar.* [*Stepping back.*] Egad, I will see the monkey now. [*Lifts up the board, and discovers Sir George.*] O Lord! O Lord! Thieves! thieves! murder!

*Sir Geo.* Damn ye, you unlucky dog! 'tis I. Which way shall I get out? Shew me instantly, or I'll cut your throat.

*Mar.* Undone, undone! At that door there. "But hold, hold; break that china, and"—I'll bring you off. [*He runs off at the corner, and throws down some china.*

*Re-enter Sir FRANCIS, MIRANDA, and SCENTWELL.*

*Sir Fran.* Mercy on me! what's the matter?

*Miran.* O, you toad! what have you done?

*Mar.* No great harm; I beg of you to forgive me,

Longing to see the monkey, I did but just raise up the board; and it flew over my shoulders, scratch'd all my face, broke your china, and whisked out of the window.

Sir Fran. *Where, where is it, sirrah?*

Mar. *There, there, sir Francis, upon your neighbour Parmazan's pantiles.*

Sir Fran. Was ever such an unlucky rogue! Sirrah, I forbid you my house. Call the servants to get the monkey again. *Pug, Pug, Pug!* I wou'd stay myself to look for it, but that you know my earnest business.

Scent. Oh, my lady will be best to lure it back; all them creatures love my lady extremely.

Miran. Go, go, dear Gardy! I hope I shall recover it.

Sir Fran. B'ye, b'ye, deeree! Ah, Mischief? how you look now! B'ye, b'ye. [Exit.]

Miran. Scentwell, see him in the coach, and bring me word.

Scent. Yes, madam. [Exit.]

Miran. So, sir, you have done your friend a signal piece of service, I suppose.

Mar. Why, look you, madam, if I have committed a fault, thank yourself; no man is more serviceable when I am let into a secret, and none more unlucky at finding it out. Who cou'd divine your meaning; when you talk'd of a blunderbuss, who thought of a rendezvous? and when you talk'd of a monkey, who the devil dreamt of sir George?

*Miran.* A sign you converse but little with our sex, when you can't reconcile contradictions.

*Enter SCENTWELL.*

*Scent.* He's gone, madam, as fast as the coach and six can carry him——

*Enter Sir GEORGE.*

*Sir Geo.* Then I may appear.

*Mar.* *Here's Pug ma'am*—Dear sir George! make my peace. On my soul I *never took you for a monkey before.*

*Sir Geo.* I dare swear thou didst not. Madam, I beg you to forgive him.

*Miran.* Well, sir George, if he can be secret.

*Mar.* 'Odsheart, madam! I'm as secret as a priest, when trusted.

*Sir Geo.* Why, 'tis with a priest our business is at present.

*Scent.* Madam, here's Mrs. Isabinda's woman to wait on you.

*Miran.* Bring her up.

*Enter PATCH.*

How do ye, Mrs. Patch? What news from your lady?

*Patch.* That's for your private ear, madam. Sir George, there's a friend of your's has an urgent occasion for your assistance.

*Sir Geo.* His name.

*Patch.* Charles.

*Mar.* Ha! then there's something a-foot that I know nothing of. I'll wait on you, sir George.

*Sir Geo.* A third person may not be proper, perhaps. As soon as I have dispatched my own affairs I am at his service; I'll send my servant to tell him I'll wait on him in half an hour.

*Miran.* How came you employ'd in this message, Mrs. Patch?

*Patch.* Want of business, madam; I am discharg'd by my master, but hope to serve my lady still.

*Miran.* How? discharg'd! you must tell me the whole story within.

*Patch.* With all my heart, madam.

*Mar.* Tell it here, Mrs. Patch. Pish, Pox! I wish I were fairly out of the house. I find marriage is the end of this secret; and now I am half mad to know what Charles wants him for. [Aside.]

*Sir Geo.* Madam, I'm doubly press'd by love and friendship. This exigence admits of no delay. Shall we make Marplot of the party?

*Miran.* If you'll run the hazard, sir George; I believe he means well.

*Mar.* Nay, nay, for my part I desire to be let into nothing; I'll be gone; therefore pray don't mistrust me. [Going.]

*Sir Geo.* So, now he has a mind to be gone to Charles: "but not knowing what affairs he may have upon his hands at present"—I'm resolv'd he shan't stir. No, Mr. Marplot, you must not leave us; we want a third person. [Takes hold of him.]



Mar. I never had more mind to be gone in my life.

Miran. Come along then; if we fail in the voyage, thank yourself for taking this ill-starr'd gentleman on board.

Sir Geo. *That vessel ne'er can unsuccessful prove,  
Whose freight is beauty, and whose pilot's love.*

[Exit Sir George and Miranda.]

Mar. Tyty ti, tyty ti. [Steals off the other way.]

Re-enter Sir GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Marplot! Marplot!

Mar. entering.] Here! I was coming, Sir George. Lgrd, can't you let me tie up one's garter. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter MIRANDA, PATCH, and SCENTWELL.

Miranda.

WELL, Patch, I have done a strange bold thing; my fate is determin'd, and expectation is no more. Now to avoid the impertinence and roguery of an old man, I have thrown myself into the extravagance of a young one; if he should despise, slight, or use me ill, there's no remedy from a husband but the grave, and that's a terrible sanctuary to one of my age and constitution.

Patch. O! fear not, madam; you'll find your ac-

count in sir George Airy ; it is impossible a man of sense should use a woman ill endued with beauty, wit, and fortune. It must be the lady's fault if she does not wear the unfashionable name of wife easy, when nothing but complaisance and good humour is requisite on either side to make them happy.

*Miran.* I long till I am out of this house, lest any accident should bring my guardian back. Scentwell, put my best jewels into the little casket, slip them into thy pocket, and let us march off to sir Jealous's.

*Scent.* It shall be done, madam. [*Exit Scent.*]

*Patch.* Sir George will be impatient, madam. If their plot succeeds we shall be well receiv'd ; if not, he will be able to protect us. Besides, I long to know how my young lady fares.

*Miran.* Farewell old Mammon, and thy detested walls ! 'Twill be no more sweet sir Francis ! I shall be compell'd the odious task of dissembling no longer to get my own, and coax him with the wheedling names of my precious, my dear, dear Gardy ! O Heav'ns !

*Enter Sir FRANCIS behind.*

*Sir Fran.* Ah, my sweet Chargy ! don't be frighted : [*She starts*] but thy poor Gardy has been abus'd, cheated, fool'd, betray'd ; but nobody knows by whom.

*Miran.* Undone, past redemption ! [*Aside.*]

*Sir Fran.* What ! won't you speak to me, Chargy ?

*Miran.* I am so surpriz'd with joy to see you, I know not what to say.

*Sir Fran.* Poor dear girl! But do you know that my son, or some such rogue, to rob or murder me, or both, contrived this journey? for upon the road I met my neighbour Squeezum well, and coming to Town.

*Miran.* Good lack! good lack! what tricks are there in this world!

*Enter SCENTWELL with a diamond necklace in her hand, not seeing Sir FRANCIS.*

*Scent.* Madam, be pleas'd to tie this necklace on, for I can't get into the— [Seeing sir Fran.]

*Miran.* The wench is a fool I think! cou'd you not have carried it to be mended without putting it in the box?

*Sir Fran.* What's the matter?

*Miran.* Only, dearee! I bid her, I bid her—Your ill-usage has put every thing out of my head. But won't you go, Gardy, and find out these fellows, and have them punished? and, and—

*Sir Fran.* Where should I look for them, child? no, I'll sit me down contented with my safety, nor stir out of my own doors till I go with thee to a parson.

*Miran. aside.]* If he goes into his closet I am ruin'd. Oh bless me! in this fright I had forgot Mrs. Patch.

*Patch.* Ay, madam, and I stay for your speedy answer.

*Miran. aside.*] I must get him out of the house. Now assist me Fortune !

*Sir Fran.* Mrs. Patch ! I profess I did not see you : how dost thou do, Mrs. Patch ? Well, don't you repent leaving my Chargy ?

*Patch.* Yes, every body must love her—but I come now—Madam, what did I come for ? my invention is at the last ebb. [*Aside to Miranda.*

*Sir. Fran.* Nay, never whisper, tell me.

*Miran.* She came, dear Gardy ! to invite me to her lady's wedding, and you shall go with me, Gardy ; 'tis to be done this moment, to a Spanish merchant. Old sir Jealous keeps on his humour ; the first minute he sees her the next he marries her.

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha ! I'd go if I thought the sight of matrimony wou'd tempt Chargy to perform her promise. There was a smile, there was a consenting look, with those pretty twinklers, worth a million ! 'Ods-precious ! I am happier than the Great Mogul, the Emperor of China, or all the potentates that are not in wars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out of my skin.

*Miran.* When one has resolved, 'tis in vain to stand shilly-shally. If ever I marry, positively this is my wedding day.

*Sir Fran.* Oh ! happy, happy man—Verily I will beget a son the first night shall disinherit that dog Charles. I have estate enough to purchase a barony, and be the immortalizing the whole family of the Gripes.

Miran. Come then, Gardy, give me thy hand ; let's to this house of Hymen.

*My choice is fix'd, let good or ill betide.*

Sir Fran. *The joyful bridegroom I,*

Miran. *And I the happy bride.* [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Sir JEALOUS, meeting a Servant.*

Serv. Sir, here's a couple of gentlemen inquire for you ; one of them calls himself Signior Diego Babinetto.

Sir Jeal. Ha ! Signior Babinetto ! admit 'em instantly—joyful minute ; I'll have my daughter marry'd to-night.

*Enter CHARLES in a Spanish habit, with Sir GEORGE dressed like a merchant.*

Sir Jeal. Senhor, beso las manos : vuestra merced es muy bien venido en esta tierra.

Cha. Senhor, soy muy humilde, y muy obligado cryado de vuestra merced : mi padre embia a vuestra merced, los mas profundos de sus respetos ; y a comissionado este mercadel Ingles, de concluyr un negocio, que me haze el mas dichoss hombre del mundo, haziendo me su yerno.

Sir Jeal. I am glad on't, for I find I have lost much of my Spanish. Sir, I am your most humble servant. Signior Don Diego Babinetto has informed me that you are commissioned by signior Don Pedro, &c. his worthy father—

*Sir Geo.* To see an affair of marriage consummated between a daughter of your's and signior Diego Babinetto his son here. True, sir, such a trust is reposit'd in me, as that letter will inform you. I hope 'twill pass upon him. [*Aside.*] [*Gives him a letter.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Ay, 'tis his hand. [*Seems to read.*]

*Sir Geo.* Good, you have counterfeited to a nicety, Charles. [*Aside to Charles.*]

*Cha.* If the whole plot succeeds as well I'm happy.

*Sir Jeal.* Sir, I find by this that you are a man of honour and probity; I think, sir, he calls you Meanwell.

*Sir Geo.* Meanwell is my name, sir.

*Sir Jeal.* A very good name, and very significant.

*Cha.* Yes, faith, if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* For to mean well is to be honest, and to be honest is the virtue of a friend, and a friend is the delight and support of human society.

*Sir Geo.* You shall find that I'll discharge the part of a friend in what I have undertaken, sir Jealous.

*Cha.* But little does he think to whom. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Geo.* Therefore, sir, I must entreat the presence of your fair daughter, and the assistance of your chaplain; for signior Don Pedro strictly enjoined me to see the marriage rites performed as soon as we should arrive, to avoid the accidental overtures of Venus.

*Sir Jeal.* Overtures of Venus!

*Sir Geo.* Ay, sir; that is, those little hawking females that traverse the Park and the playhouse to put off their donag'd ware—they fasten upon foreigners



like leeches, and watch their arrival as carefully as the Kentish men do a shipwreck: I warrant you they have heard of him already.

*Sir Jeal.* Nay, I know this Town swarms with them.

*Sir Geo.* Ay, and then you know the Spaniards are naturally amorous, but very constant; the first face fixes 'em; and it may be very dangerous to let him ramble ere he is tied.

*Cha.* Well hinted.

*Sir Jeal.* Pat to my purpose—Well, sir, there is but one thing more, and they shall be married instantly.

*Cha.* Pray Heaven that one thing more don't spoil all. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Don Pedro writ me word, in his last but one, that he designed the sum of five thousand crowns by way of jointure for my daughter, and that it should be paid into my hands upon the day of marriage—

*Cha.* Oh, the devil! [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* In order to lodge it in some of our funds in case she should become a widow, and return for England—

*Sir Geo.* Pox on't! this is an unlucky turn. What shall I say? [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* And he does not mention one word of it in this letter.

*Cha.* I don't know how he should. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Geo.* Humph! True, sir Jealous, he told me such a thing, but, but, but, but—he, he, he, he,—he

did not imagine that you would insist upon the very day ; for, for, for, for money, you know, is dangerous returning by sea, an, an, an, an—

*Cha.* Zounds ! say we have brought it in commodities. [*Aside to sir Geo.*

*Sir Geo.* And so, sir, he has sent it in merchandize, tobacco, sugars, spices, lemons, and so forth, which shall be turned into money with all expedition : in the mean time, sir, if you please to accept of my bond for performance——

*Sir Jeal.* It is enough, sir ; I am so pleas'd with the countenance of signior Diego, and the harmony of your name, that I'll take your word, and will fetch my daughter this moment. Within there. [*Enter Servant.*] Desire Mr. Tackum, my neighbour's chaplain, to walk hither.

*Serv.* Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

*Sir Jeal.* Gentlemen, I'll return in an instant. [*Exit.*

*Cha.* Wondrous well ! let me embrace thee.

*Sir Geo.* Egad, that five thousand crowns had like to have ruined the plot.

*Cha.* But that's over ; and if Fortune throws no more rubs in our way——

*Sir Geo.* Thou'lt carry the prize——But hist ! here he comes.

*Enter Sir JEALOUS dragging in ISABINDA.*

*Sir Jeal.* Come along, you stubborn baggage you ! come along.

*Isab.* Oh ! hear me, sir, hear me but speak one word ;

Do not destroy my everlasting peace ;  
My soul abhors this Spaniard you have chose,  
“ Nor can I wed him without being curst.”

*Sir Jeal.* How's that !

*Isab.* Let this posture move your tender nature.

[*Kneels.*

For ever will I hang upon these knees,  
Nor loose my hands till you cut off my hold,  
If you refuse to hear me, sir.

*Cha.* Oh ! that I could discover myself to her !

[*Aside.*

*Sir Geo.* Have a care what you do : you had better trust to his obstinacy.

[*Aside.*

*Sir Jeal.* Did you ever see such a perverse slut ?  
Off, I say. Mr. Meanwell, pray help me a little.

*Sir Geo.* Rise, madam, and do not disoblige your father, who has provided a husband worthy of you, one that will love you equal with his soul, and one that you will love, when once you know him.

*Isab.* Oh ! never, never !

Could I suspect that falsehood in my heart,  
I would this moment tear it from my breast,  
And straight present him with the treach'rous part.

“ *Cha.* Oh ! my charming, faithful dear ! ” [*Aside.*

*Sir Jeal.* Falsehood ! why, who the devil are you in love with ? Don't provoke me, for by St. Iago I shall beat you, housewife.

*Cha.* Heaven forbid ! for I shall infallibly discover myself if he should.

*Sir Geo.* Have patience, madam, and look at him :

why will ye prepossess yourself against a man that is master of all the charms you would desire in a husband.

*Sir Jeal.* Ay, look at him, Isabinda. Senhór pase vind adelaute.

*Cha.* "My heart bleeds to see her grieve whom I "imagined would with joy receive me." Senhora oblique me veustra merced de sa mano.

*Sir Jeal.* *[pulling up her head.]* Hold up your head, hold up your head, hussy, and look at him. Is there a properer, handsomer, better shaped, fellow in England, ye jade you? Ha! see, see the obstinate baggage shuts her eyes; by St. Iago I have a good mind to beat 'em out. *[Pushes her down.]*

*Isab.* Do then, sir, kill me, kill me instantly; 'Tis much the kinder action of the two, For 'twill be worse than death to wed him.

*Sir Geo.* Sir Jealous, you are too passionate. Give me leave, I'll try by gentle words to work her to your purpose.

*Sir Jeal.* I pray do, Mr. Meanwell, I pray do; she'll break my heart. *[Weeps.]* There is in that jewels of the value of three thousand pounds, which were her mother's, and a paper wherein I have settled one half of my estate upon her now, and the whole when I die, but provided she marries this gentleman, else by St. Iago, I'll turn her out of doors to beg or starve. Tell her this, Mr. Meanwell, pray do. *[Walks off.]*

*Sir Geo.* Ha! this is beyond expectation—Trust to me, sir, I'll lay the dangerous consequence of dis-

obeying you at this juncture before her I warrant you.

*Cha.* A sudden joy runs through my heart like  
“a propitious omen.” [Aside.]

*Sir Geo.* Come, madam, do not blindly cast your  
life away just in the moment you would wish to save it.

*Isab.* Pray cease your trouble, sir; I have no wish  
but sudden death to free me from this hated Spaniard.  
If you are his friend, inform him what I say; my heart  
is given to another youth, whom I love with the same  
strength of passion that I hate this Diego, with whom,  
if I am forced to wed, my own hand shall cut the Gordian knot.

*Sir Geo.* Suppose this Spaniard, which you strive  
to shun, should be the very man to whom you'd fly?

*Isab.* Ha!

*Sir Geo.* Would you not blame your rash resolve,  
and curse your eyes that would not look on Charles?

*Isab.* On Charles! “Oh! you have inspired new  
“life, and collected every wandering sense.” Where  
is he? oh! let me fly into his arms. [Rises.]

*Sir Geo.* Hold, hold, hold. ‘Death! madam, you’ll  
ruin all. Your father believes him to be signior Ba-  
binetto. Compose yourself a little, pray madam.

[He runs to sir Jealous.]

*Cha.* Her eyes declare she knows me. [Aside.]

*Sir Geo.* She begins to hear reason, sir; the fear of  
being turned out of doors has done it.

[Runs back to Isabinda.]

*Isab.* ‘Tis he! Oh my ravish’d soul!

*Sir Geo.* Take heed, madam, you don't betray yourself. Seem with reluctance to consent, or you are undone. [*Runs to sir Jealous.*] Speak gently to her, sir; I'm sure she'll yield; I see it in her face.

*Sir Jeal.* Well Isabinda, can you refuse to bless a father whose only care is to make you happy, as Mr. Meanwell has informed you? Come, wipe thy eyes; nay, pr'ythee do, or thou wilt break thy father's heart. See, thou bring'st the tears in mine, to think of thy undutiful carriage to me. [*Weeps.*]

*Isab.* Oh, do not weep, sir! your tears are like a poignard to my soul. Do with me what you please; I am all obedience.

*Sir Jeal.* Ha! then thou art my child again.

*Sir Geo.* 'Tis done, and now, friend, the day's thy own.

*Cha.* The happiest of my life, if nothing intervene.

*Sir Jeal.* And wilt thou love him?

*Isab.* I will endeavour it, sir.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, here is Mr. Tackum.

*Sir Jeal.* Shew him into the parlour.—*Senhor tome vind sueipora; cette momento les junta les manoes.*

[*Gives her to Charles.*]

*Cha.* "Oh transport!"—*Senhor, yo la recibo como se deve un tesoro tan grande.* "Oh! my joy, my life, my soul!"

[*Embrace.*]

"*Isab.* My faithful, everlasting comfort!"



*Sir Jeal.* Now, Mr. Meanwell, let's to the parson,  
*Who, by his art, will join this pair for life,*  
*Make me the happiest father, her the happiest wife.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Changes to the street before Sir JEALOUS's door. Enter*  
*MARPLOT solus.*

*Mar.* I have hunted all over the town for Charles, but can't find him, and by Whisper's scouting at the end of the street; I suspect he must be in the house again. I am informed too that he has borrowed a Spanish habit out of the playhouse: what can it mean?

*Enter a Servant of Sir JEALOUS's to him out of the house.*

Hark'e, sir, do you belong to this house?

*Serv.* Yes, sir.

*Mar.* Isn't your name Richard?

*Serv.* No, sir, Thomas.

*Mar.* Oh, ay, Thomas—Well, Thomas, there's a shilling for you.

*Serv.* Thank you, sir.

*Mar.* Pray, Thomas, can you tell if there be a gentleman in it in a Spanish habit?

*Serv.* There's a Spanish gentleman within that is just a going to marry my young lady, sir.

*Mar.* Are you sure he is a Spanish gentleman?

*Serv.* I'm sure he speaks no English that I hear of.

*Mar.* Then that can't be him I want, for 'tis an English gentleman that I enquire after; he may be dressed like a Spaniard for ought I know.

*Serv.* Ha! who knows but this may be an impostor? I'll inform my master, for if he should be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round. [*Aside.*] Pray come in, sir, and see if this be the person you inquire for.

*Mar.* Ay, I'll follow you—Now for it. [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*Changes to the inside of the house. Enter MARPLOT and Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, please to stay here, I'll send my master to you. [Exit.

*Mar.* So, this was a good contrivance. If this be Charles now, he will wonder how I found him out.

*Enter Servant and Sir JEALOUS.*

*Sir Jeal.* What is your earnest business, block-head! that you must speak with me before the ceremony's past? Ha! who's this?

*Serv.* Why this gentleman, sir, wants another gentleman in a Spanish habit, he says.

*Sir Jeal.* In a Spanish habit! 'tis some friend of signior Don Diego's, I warrant. Sir, your servant.

Mar. *Your servant, sir.*

*Sir Jeal.* I suppose you would speak with signior Babinetto.

Mar. Sir!

*Sir Jeal.* I say, I suppose you would speak with signior Babinetto.

Mar. Hey dey! what the devil does he say now?  
—Sir, I don't understand you.

*Sir Jeal.* Don't you understand Spanish, sir?

Mar. Not I indeed, sir.

*Sir Jeal.* I thought you had known signior Babinetto.

Mar. Not I, upon my word, sir.

*Sir Jeal.* What then, you'd speak with his friend, the English merchant, Mr. Meanwell?

Mar. Neither, sir, not I; *I don't mean any such thing.*

*Sir Jeal.* Why, who are you then, sir? and what do you want. *[In an angry tone.]*

Mar. Nay, nothing at all, not I, sir. Pox on him! I wish I were out; he begins to exalt his voice; I shall be beaten again.

*Sir Jeal.* Nothing at all, sir! Why then, what business have you in my house? ha!

Serv. You said you wanted a gentleman in a Spanish habit.

Mar. Why, ay, but his name is neither Babinetto nor Meanwell.

*Sir Jeal.* What is his name then, sirrah? Ha! now I look at you again, I believe you are the rogue that threatened me with half-a-dozen myrmidons——

Mar. *Me, sir! I never saw your face in all my life before.*

*Sir Jeal.* Speak, sir, who is it you look for? or, or—

*Mar.* A terrible old dog!—Why, sir, only an honest young fellow of my acquaintance—I thought that here might be a ball, and that he might have been here in a masquerade. 'Tis Charles, sir Francis Gripe's son, because I knew he us'd to come hither sometimes.

*Sir Jeal.* Did he so?—not that I know of, I'm sure. Pray Heav'n that this be Don Diego—If I should be trick'd now—Ha! my heart misgives me plaguily—Within there! stop the marriage—Run, sirrah, call all my servants! I'll be satisfied that this is signior Pedro's son ere he has my daughter.

*Mar.* Ha! sir George! what have I done now?

*Enter Sir GEORGE with a drawn sword between the scenes.*

*Sir Geo.* Ha! Marplot here—oh, the unlucky dog—What's the matter, sir Jealous?

*Sir Jeal.* Nay, I don't know the matter, Mr. Meanwell.

*Mar.* Upon my soul, sir George——

[*Going up to sir GEORGE.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Nay then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd, undone. Thieves, traitors, rogues! [*Offers to go in.*] Stop the marriage, I say——

*Sir Geo.* I say go on, Mr. Tackum.—Nay, no entering here; I guard this passage, old gentleman:

the act and deed were both your own, and I'll see 'em sign'd, or die for't.

*Enter Servant.*

*Sir Jeal.* A pox on the act and deed!—Fall on, knock him down.

*Sir Geo.* Ay, come on, scoundrels! I'll prick your jackets for you.

*Sir Jeal.* Zounds! sirrah, I'll be reveng'd on you.

*[Beats Marplot.]*

*Sir Geo.* Ay, there your vengeance is due. Ha, ha!

*Mar.* Why, what do you beat me for? I ha'n't marry'd your daughter.

*Sir Jeal.* Rascals! why don't you knock him down?

*Serv.* We are afraid of his sword, sir; if you'll take that from him we'll knock him down presently.

*Enter CHARLES and ISABINDA.*

*Sir Jeal.* Seize her then.

*Cha.* Rascals! retire; she's my wife; touch her if you dare; I'll make dog's meat of you.

*Mar.* Ay, I'll make dog's meat of you, rascal.

*Sir Jeal.* Ah! downright English—Oh, oh, oh, oh!

*Enter Sir FRANCIS GRIPE, MIRANDA, PATCH, SCENTWELL, and WHISPER.*

*Sir Fran.* Into the house of joy we enter without knocking—Ha! I think 'tis the house of sorrow, sir Jealous.

*Sir Jeal.* Oh, sir Francis, are you come? What! was this your contrivance, to abuse, trick, and chouse me out of my child.

*Sir Fran.* My contrivance! what do you mean?

*Sir Jeal.* No, you don't know your son there in a Spanish habit!

*Sir Fran.* How! my son in a Spanish habit! Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd. Get out of sight, ye dog! get out of my sight.

*Sir Jeal.* Get out of your sight, sir! get out with your bags. Let's see what you'll give him now to maintain my daughter.

*Sir Fran.* Give him! he shall never be the better for a penny of mine—and you might have look'd after your daughter better, sir Jealous. Trick'd quotha! Egad I think you design'd to trick me: but look ye, gentlemen, I believe I shall trick you both. This lady is my wife do you see, and my estate shall descend only to the heirs of her body.

*Sir Geo.* Lawfully begotten by me—I shall be extremely obliged to you, sir Francis.

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor sir George! you see your project was of no use: does not your hundred pounds stick in your stomach! ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Geo.* No faith, sir Francis, this lady has given me a cordial for that. *[Takes her by the hand.]*

*Sir Fran.* Hold, sir, you have nothing to say to this lady.

*Sir Geo.* Nor you nothing to do with my wife, sir.

*Sir Fran.* Wife, sir.

*Miran.* Ay, really, guardian, 'tis even so. I hope you'll forgive my first offence.

*Sir Fran.* What, have you chous'd me out of my consent and your writings then, mistress, ha?



*Miran.* Out of nothing but my own, Guardian.

*Sir Jeal.* Ha, ha, ha! 'tis some comfort at least to see you are over-reach'd as well as myself. Will you settle your estate upon your son now?

*Sir Fran.* He shall starve first.

*Miran.* That I have taken care to prevent. There, sir, are the writings of your uncle's estate, which have been your due these three years.

[*Gives Charles papers.*]

*Cha.* I shall study to deserve this favour.

*Mar.* Now, how the devil could she get those writings and I know nothing of it.

*Sir Fran.* What, have you robb'd me too, mistress! egad I'll make you restore 'em—hussy, I will so.

*Sir Jeal.* Take care I don't make you pay the arrears, sir. 'Tis well 'tis no worse since 'tis no better. Come, young man, seeing thou hast outwitted me, take her, and bless you both!

*Cha.* I hope, sir, you'll bestow your blessing too; 'tis all I ask.

[*Kneels.*]

*Mar.* Do, Gardy, do.

*Sir Fran.* Confound you all!

[*Exit.*]

*Mar.* Mercy upon us, how he looks!

*Sir Geo.* Ha, ha, ha! ne'er mind his curses, Charles, thou'lt thrive not one jot the worse for 'em. Since this gentleman is reconcil'd we are all made happy.

*Sir Jeal.* I always lov'd precaution, and took care to avoid dangers; but when a thing was past, I ever had philosophy to be easy.

*Cha.* Which is the true sign of a great soul. I

lov'd your daughter, and she me, and you shall have no reason to repent her choice.

*Isab.* You will not blame me, sir, for loving my own country best.

*Mar.* So here's every body happy I find but poor Pilgarlick. I wonder what satisfaction I shall have for being cuff'd, kick'd, and beaten in your service!

*Sir Jeal.* I have been a little too familiar with you as things are fallen out; but since there's no help for't, you must forgive me.

*Mar.* Egad I think so—but provided that you be not so familiar for the future.

*Sir Geo.* Thou hast been an unlucky rogue.

*Mar.* But very honest.

*Cha.* That I'll vouch for, and freely forgive thee.

*Sir Geo.* And I'll do you one piece of service more, Marplot; I'll take care that sir Francis make you master of your estate.

*Mar.* That will make me as happy as any of you.

*Patch.* Your humble servant begs leave to remind you, madam.

*Isab.* Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to take Patch into favour again.

*Sir Jeal.* Nay, let your husband look to that; I have done with my care.

*Cha.* Her own liberty shall always oblige me.  
“Here's nobody but honest Whisper and Mrs. Scent.  
“well to be provided for now. It shall be left to  
“their choice to marry or keep their services.

“*Whisp.* Nay then, I'll stick to my master.

" *Scent*. Coxcomb ! and I prefer my lady before a  
" footman.

" *Sir Jeal*. Hark, I hear the music ; the fiddlers  
" smell a wedding. What say you, young fellows,  
" will you have a dance ?

" *Sir Geo*. With all my heart ; call 'em in."

[ *A dance.* ]

*Sir Jeal*. Now let us in and refresh ourselves with  
a chearful glass, in which we'll bury all animosities:  
and

*By my example let all parents move,  
And never strive to cross their childrens' love ;  
But still submit that care to Providence above.*

[ *Exeunt omnes.* ]

## EPILOGUE.

*IN* me you see one Busy Body more,  
*Tho'* you may have enough of one before.  
*With* Epilogues, the Busy Body's way,  
*We* strive to help but sometimes mar a play.  
*At* this mad sessions, half condemn'd ere try'd,  
*Some* in three days have been turn'd off and dy'd :  
*In* spite of parties, their attempts are vain,  
*For* like false prophets they ne'er rise again :  
*Too* late when cast your favour one beseeches,  
*And* Epilogues prove execution speeches.  
*Yet* sure I spy no Busy Bodies here,  
*And* one may pass since they do ev'ry where.

*Sour criticks time, and breath, and censures waste,  
And balk you pleasures to refine your taste ;  
One busy Don ill-tim'd high tenets preaches,  
Another yearly shews himself in speeches ;  
Some sniv'ling cit would have a piece for spite,  
To starve those warriors who so bravely fight,  
Still of a foe upon his knees afraid,  
Whose well bang'd troops want money, heart, and bread ;  
Old beaux, who none, not e'en themselves, can please,  
Are busy still for nothing—but to tease ;  
The young, so busy to engage a heart,  
The mischief done are busy most to part ;  
Ungrateful wretches ! who still cross one's will,  
When they more kindly might be busy still :  
One to a husband who ne'er dream'd of horns  
Shews how dear spouse with friend his brows adorns :  
Th' officious tell-tale fool (he should repent it)  
Parts three kind souls that liv'd at peace contented :  
Some with law quirks set houses by the ears ;  
With physick one what he would heal impairs ;  
Like that dark mop'd-up fry, that neighb'ring curse,  
Who to remove love's pains bestow a worse.  
Since then this meddling tribe infest the age,  
Bear one a while expos'd upon the stage ;  
Let none but Busy Bodies vent their spite,  
And with good-humour pleasure crown the night.*

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THE END.